Fairy Tales

OF THE

Western Range

AND

OTHER TALES

BY

EUGENE O. MAYFIELD

Class _____

Book _____

Copyright No. _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

"OLD MONARCH"

Fairy Tales

of the

Western Range

and

OTHER TALES

By EUGENE O. MAYFIELD

"REX M"

JACOB NORTH & CO., PRINTERS, LINCOLN.

PZ8
.M452
Fai

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS,
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
JUL. 28 1902
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
May 28-1902
CLASS a XXc. No.
34205
COPY B.

COPYRIGHT 1902
BY
E. O. MAYFIELD

[illegible]

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is written along the line of the stories the author has published in various periodicals—their aim being to entertain the boys and girls of America with clean fiction. The "fairy" tales are all founded in the West, and the subjects treated are western. Hence to the boys and girls of the West these pages are dedicated.

CONTENTS

A Cowboy Alone with His Conscience.....7
A Visit to a Wonderful Country.....9
The Cowboy's Dream.....61
Look-a-Bill Hollow Wild Cat.....69
Sand Storm on the Plains.....77
Wild Duck's Adventures.....86
Long Horn Loses His Temper.....94
Old Monarch Tells a Story.....96
Bright's First Trip to Pike's Peak.....102
Nipper Fools His Grandmother.....108
Short Horn Gets Information.....115
Hunting the Water Hole.....120
How the Maverick Came to Reform.....126
Reunion of Steers on the Rawhide.....131
Misfortunes of Jenks.....134
On the North Fork of the Platte.....142
Jumper and Tot's Wedding Trip.....149

A Cowboy Alone With His Conscience

When I ride into the mountains on my little broncho bird,
Where my ears are never pelted with the bawlin' o' the herd,
An' a sort o' dreamy quiet hangs upon the Western air,
An' there ain't no animation to be noticed anywhere,
Then I sort o' feel oneasy, git a notion in my head
I'm the only livin' mortal—everybody else is dead,
An' I feel a queer sensation, rather skeery-like an' odd
When there ain't nobody near me 'ceptin' God!

Every rabbit that I startle from its shaded restin' place
Seems a furry shaft o' silence shootin' into noiseless space,
An' a rattlesnake a crawlin' through the rocks so old an' gray
Helps along the ghostly feelin' in a rather startlin' way.
Every breeze that dares to whisper does it with a bated breath,
Every bush stands grim and silent in a sort o' livin' death;
Tell you what a feller's feelin's gives him many an icy prod
When there ain't nobody near him 'ceptin' God.

Somehow allus git to thinkin' of the error of my ways,
An' my memory goes a wingin' back to childhood's happy days,
When a mother, now a restin' in the grave so dark and deep,
Used to listen while I'd whisper: "Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then a sort o' guilty feelin' goes a surgin' through my breast,
An' I wonder how I'll av'rage at the final judgment test;
Conscience allus welts it to me with a mighty cuttin' rod
When there ain't nobody near me 'ceptin' God!

Take the very meanest sinner that creation ever saw,
One that don't respect religion more'n he respects the law,
One that never does an action that's commendable or good,
An' immerse him for a season out in Nature's solitude,
An' the cogwheels of his conscience 'll be rattled out o' gear
More'n if he 'tended preaching every Sunday in the year,
For his sins 'll come a ridin' through his cranium rough shod
When there ain't nobody near him 'ceptin' God.

—James Barton Adams.

Denver.

Chief Round Moon's Domain

THERE WERE NO HAPPIER CHILdren anywhere than two little Omaha boys the day they got on an Elkhorn railway train and started on a journey to the Black Hills.

For weeks and weeks neither had talked of much else, and now that they were actually started their joy knew no bounds. Jack was the eldest, a little past eight, while Teddy was almost seven. They were the sons of a big railroad man who said to the stork when it brought Jack: "If one boy is a good thing to have about, two will be better," and when the old bird came again it brought Teddy.

On the side of a pretty mountain at Hot Springs lived the boys' grandmother, and they were going to visit her.

"It seems that this train will never go," said Teddy, as he impatiently tapped the window-sill with his fingers.

"Guess they are watering the iron horse," replied Jack.

Just then the conductor cried "All-aboard," and the train started and was soon smoothly gliding along over the steel rails, past the old exposition grounds; on past pretty Irvington, and then into the Elkhorn valley.

It was in June, the prettiest month of the year; the time when the first rosy apples hang in clusters from the trees in the orchard. The earth was carpeted with emerald, and flowers bloomed everywhere. Far and near the farmers were busy in their fields, and the cattle grazed on the hills and in the valleys. It was a scene never to be forgotten, even by such little fellows as Jack and Teddy.

After sweeping, like a great bird, off to the right, the train made its first stop of importance at Fremont. The boys were at the car window straining their necks to see all they could, when Mose, the colored porter, in whose charge the children had been placed, told them to come with him and he would see that they did not get left when the train started.

Just as Jack stepped off the car an old woman, with big rings in her ears, and skin the color of copper, came hurrying up to him and said: "Dis milk's fine for boys." "But I don't care for any

milk," replied Jack. "De oranges fine, too," insisted the old woman, but the boys had a basket of fruit in the car. Leaving the vendor they accompanied the porter up the platform, waiting for the baggage to be changed.

In a little while the train started, and as new beauties were unfolded the boys confided to the porter that they never suspected that the world was so large.

Then it began to grow dark and the lamps in the car were lighted, and Jack and Teddy got out their lunch basket and ate their first meal on the cars.

My, how those boys slept that night—slept as soundly as if tucked in their own bed back in Omaha, while the train sped along at the rate of forty-five miles an hour.

Mose called them the next morning, a little after sunrise, so they could see more of the world, and for some time they watched the scenery from their berth.

While they slept the train had passed on to a new and far country, and instead of miles and miles of green fields, there stretched before their vision an endless plain of grazing land, dotted here and there with well-kept ranches and immense herds of cattle.

As the train made a slight curve to the left and the rays of the sun shot past, and on out far in advance, Teddy clapped his hands and cried: "Oh, jolly," so loud that an old gentleman was aroused from his late nap and told Mose to keep the boys still. "But I see a mountain," insisted Teddy. "There it is, way over ahead of us. The sun is shining on it, and I think it has snow on the top."

Mose looked in the direction indicated, and what do you suppose he saw? No, not a mountain, for the mountains were too far away to be seen; but he saw something that made him laugh.

"What makes you laugh?" asked Teddy. "I am sure those are mountains."

"No, dem are not mounteens," replied Mose. "Dey am san' duns," meaning sand dunes.

The train stopped at the little station of Smithwick, and when Jack and Teddy looked on the map and saw that they were very near the Ogalalla Indian reservation they called Mose and asked if there was any danger of them being scalped. "Not on dis train, boys," replied Mose. Then he added, "If any of dem red skins com'er foolin' 'bout heah, Ise got somfin' to say."

The boys believed that Mose was powerful enough to cope with a whole band of Indians, and as soon as he told them he was on the look-out they felt that they had nothing more to fear.

By the time breakfast had been eaten the train had reached Buffalo Gap, and Mose was importuned to tell the boys why such a queer name had been selected for a town. "Is it because there are a whole lot of buffalo around here?" asked Teddy. "No, it am jest 'cause dey wanted to name de place dat way, I guess," explained Mose.

But the boys were not satisfied, and when the conductor came through they asked him to tell them all about the town and why it had been named Buffalo Gap. "I'll be pleased to tell you," said the conductor, "if you will just wait until I come back." "We'll wait," replied Jack.

After the conductor had gone through the train and taken up his tickets he came and sat down with the boys, and this is the story he told them:

"Many years ago there were thousands and thousands of wild buffalo scattered all over the country through which we have traveled since we left Omaha. They were more plentiful than

the cattle are now and went about in great herds. There were Indians on the plains in those days, and each summer and fall they would kill enough buffalo to last them through the winter. The squaws would go along and cut the buffalo meat up and dry it in the sun, while they dressed the hides to be used as material from which moccasins and tepees could be made."

"What's a tepee?" inquired Teddy.

"A tepee," explained the conductor, "is the house in which the Indians live. Some Indians call them wick-ups, some lodges, some wigwams, and still other tepees, but they all answer the same purpose."

"But what has that got to do with Buffalo Gap?" asked one of the boys.

"As I was going to tell you," continued the conductor, "there were many buffalo out here. In the summer and fall they would range out on the plains and down the valleys, a portion of which you have seen as we came along. They liked this part of the West because the grass was so tall and full of sweetness. In the late fall they would go back up into the foot-hills of the mountains, where they would winter. Well, one fall the Indians failed, for some reason, to get

enough buffalo meat dried to do them through the winter, and when they found they were running short they started on a hunt.

"There were over a hundred braves in the party, and they found a big herd of buffalo over in the hills not far from Cascade, and began to chase them. The buffalo regretted to leave their warm winter quarters, but they knew the Indians would kill them if they did not, so they started east toward where Fairburn is now located. Mile after mile the Indians and buffalo raced along. Occasionally the sharp report of a rifle would ring out and down would go a big buffalo, but this had no effect on the rest of the herd, except to make them run the harder.

"Finally the herd turned south, where they knew there was an opening leading out to the plains. Once out of the foot-hills, they felt, they could scatter and get away, for a buffalo can run almost as fast as a horse.

"The Indians did their best to change the course of the herd, but without avail, and at last they came to the opening and passed out. From that time to this the locality has been known as Buffalo Gap, and that is how the Elkhorn came to name it such."

Grandma was there to meet the boys when they arrived at the unique little stone station house that stands on the bank of Fall river. "Oh, we had such a fine trip," cried Teddy, as he clapped his hands with joy. "We saw most all of the world, except the buffalo and Indians," added Jack, "and the conductor told us all about them, so that was almost as good."

A carriage was in waiting and the boys were soon on their way to grandma's home, and for several days were as busy as boys generally are. There was so much to see—everything was new to them. One day they would climb to the top of Battle mountain, where it is said hundreds of Indians were killed in a war between opposing tribes; the next day they would go to the plunge, a great body of clear, tepid water, where they could dive about and "duck" each other to their hearts' content. Then there were the different mineral springs to visit, the burros to ride, and one day they went with a party of acquaintances over to Cascade and saw "spouting springs," as Jack called them—springs that forced water away up into the air, and in falling on limbs of trees and shrubbery left glistening crystals of mineral which shone like so many diamonds.

II.

The days seemed to just run into each other, and had they consisted of twice twenty-four hours Jack and Teddy would not have grown weary of sight-seeing.

When they arose one morning their grandma told them if they hurried and eat their breakfast they could go with a coach load of tourists to Wind cave.

"What on earth is Wind cave?" asked Teddy.

"It is a great cave about twelve miles north of Hot Springs," explained their grandma, "and is said to be the most wonderful place of the kind in the world."

"What can we see there?" inquired Jack.

"I have never been there," replied grandma, "but I know many people who have, and they all say the trip is one never to be regretted. I also know all about how the cave came to be found," added the old lady.

"Tell us about it," both boys said in chorus, and grandma told them the story:

"It was several years ago," she began, "that a cowboy killed an antelope on the side of a hill near where the mouth of the cave is. After the animal fell he got down off his pony and pre-

pared to dress the carcass. As he stooped over he heard a hissing sound close by and jumped back in fright, fearing that a rattlesnake was about to strike. Then he looked all around, but could see nothing of the snake. Again he approached the antelope and was stooping over when the hissing noise came louder, he thought, than before. Looking up suddenly he saw a flat stone on the ground moving up and down much like the lid of a teakettle. The cowboy's curiosity was aroused and he went to the stone and turned it over with his foot. As he did so a blast of wind rushed out of a deep hole and blew his hat far up out of his reach. Placing the stone over the hole, the cowboy went back to the ranch and told what he had seen. In time the hole was examined and it was found that it extended down into the ground. The opening was blasted out and the interior explored. The farther the workmen penetrated the hole the more surprised they were, for there were millions and millions of the most beautiful crystallizations and water formations imaginable. At last the cave fell into the hands of a company of men who explored it thoroughly and opened it up as a place of amusement and interesting study."

"How far has the cave been gone into?" asked Jack.

"I can't say," replied his grandma. Then she added: "I have heard that one of the guides—for they have to use guides to keep people from getting lost—traveled over sixty miles in the cave, and when he came out his friends had given him up for dead, thinking he had lost himself in some of the dark passages. The guide told of the pretty things he had seen, which led to farther investigations. The result now is that you can walk for several miles down in the passages, from three to four hundred feet under the surface, and see things that it has taken untold ages for nature to form."

And this is the cave that Jack and Teddy visited and where they met with some wonderful experiences.

At the entrance of Wind cave each of the party was robed in rough outer clothing and given a candle to carry. Then they started down the steep incline, a guide here and a guide there, to keep the visitors from breaking off some of the beautiful crystals that hung all about. Some were heavy stalactites that looked like pillars of marble; some were smaller, and in other places

most wonderful webs of crystals were found, that resembled the meshes of a net. When Teddy saw this glistening mass of loveliness he said to Jack: "I'm glad Tommy Blower isn't here, for he'd be sure to throw something into those pretty things."

At various places along the way passages were found leading off to the right and left. Some were large enough for a grown person to pass through, and others were so small that even a boy could hardly effect an entrance. And into one of these Jack and Teddy managed to disappear.

It was several minutes before the boys were missed. The guide in the rear thought they were ahead of him, as they were when leaving "Paradise," but now they were gone. In vain the guides searched and called the boys' names—only an empty echo to their voices came back.

III.

After the boys had squeezed in between crevice after crevice, up one steep place and down another, for nearly an hour, they heard water dripping and soon came upon a little spring that bubbled out through the cliffs. They

were both thirsty, and after drinking all they wanted they heard a voice say: "Go into the first crevice beyond the spring and follow it until you see a light. There's nothing to fear."

"That must be a ghost," exclaimed Teddy. "There are no ghosts," replied Jack, "so let us do as the voice said."

Passing the spring, a dark crevice was found a few feet farther on and the boys entered it. Before they had gone very far their candles were snatched out of their hands and they were in total darkness. Western boys are brave, however, and Jack and Teddy determined to learn all about the strange land they were in. They groped along for several yards until they came to an opening where it was as bright as day. There was not a single lamp of any kind to be seen, nor was there any way for the sun to get down there, so far as they knew. The light, it seemed, came from the myriads of crystallizations which studded the roof and sides of the enclosure.

While the boys were still gazing about in wonderment a jolly little man came out of the side of the cave and said: "I welcome you to my country, and I hope you will enjoy yourselves every moment while you are here."

"But who are you?" asked Jack, for he had never seen such a queer little body before in his life.

"My name is Chief Round Moon," replied the little man, "and this country belongs to me, as it did to my forefathers since the beginning of time. Now if you will excuse me a moment I will go and dress myself in my natural garb," he added.

The little man was back again before Teddy and Jack hardly had time to think, but, instead of being dressed in a long gown, as at first, he stood before them in the gaudy trappings of an Indian chief. His skin was a light copper color and his chin dimpled, while his nose bowed up in the middle. When he smiled it was as the laugh of a happy child.

"I know you boys must be hungry," he said, "after your long tramp; so come with me and while you eat I will try and entertain you with a brief account of what you may see if you care to."

They crossed the cave and entered another large room, lighted in the same manner as the other one. "This is my dining room," he said. "Pray be seated and the Princess will soon be here with your dinner."

"But where is the table?" asked Teddy.

The chief laughed and pointed to a mat made of rushes that lay in the center of the room. "That is what you would call a table," he said, "but we call it by another name. However, it answers the same purpose, and if that be true there is no need to worry."

A rattling of shells on a wooden tray attracted the attention of the boys and as they looked up an Indian girl, prettier than any girl they had ever seen, entered the room. "This is Princess Bright Eyes," said the chief, by way of introduction. "She is my daughter, and, like myself, takes pleasure in doing you honor."

Princess Bright Eyes made a low bow and placed the tray on the mat. As she passed out of the room the boys saw that she was even smaller than her father, whose head did not come up to Teddy's shoulder. Her attire was interesting. She had on a loose blouse-like waist, covered with the prettiest beads the boys had ever seen. Her dress was dark and sparkled as if set in precious stones, and her leggings and tiny little moccasins were beaded.

But the boys were too hungry to think much about how their host and hostess were dressed,

and they began to eat as heartily as if they had been fasting for days, instead of but a few hours.

Chief Round Moon did not disturb them until Teddy moved back from the mat and said he could eat no more. What their meal had consisted of they did not know, and being polite little fellows they dared not ask. All they knew was that the food was good and tasted unlike anything they had ever eaten.

Jack had just finished his meal when the Princess came in with the dessert and insisted that the boys must try some of her favorites. Then she placed on the mat a dish of the oddest pink and purple berries that ever grew down under the earth.

While the boys were eating the berries the old chief told them something of the wonderland into which they had come. "I know you will be surprised," he said, "when I tell you I am over one thousand years old, yet it is true. The Princess, whom you just saw, is my daughter, and she is nearly five hundred years old. I have always lived in Wind cave, and when I am two thousand years old I will die and be buried in a crevice that you boys passed just before you came to the spring. All of our peo-

ple live to be two thousand years old, unless they meet with an accident, for accidents happen down here just as they do up in your world. My race is the oldest in existence, and long before Adam entered the garden of Eden my people made their home here."

"But where do you get your clothing and food?" asked Jack, as he and Teddy left the mat and took a seat on a gray stone.

"My domain is greater than you suppose," replied Chief Round Moon. "It extends many leagues in all directions, except upward. I dare not go in that direction, for I would then lose my power, and harm might come to my people. My castle is a short ways to the left of where we are now—perhaps a league and a half. This is my summer home. After you are rested I will take you to my castle and arrange for your journey through my country."

"We will be delighted to go," said Teddy, "but won't you please tell us something of your country down here before we start?"

"I have no objection," replied Chief Round Moon, "but it would be pleasanter for you to wait and let the Princess explain to you as you go along, for she will be your guide."

The boys thanked the old chief, and after calling the Princess to accompany them they all started for the castle. As they passed along the chief told several funny stories, and by the time the castle was reached the boys were laughing until tears ran down their cheeks.

"I am sorry that you cannot get into my castle," said the chief as they passed through a gate where a little Indian stood guard with a rattle box in his hand, instead of a gun, "but you can walk about the grounds and peek in the windows and doors if you care to."

Jack replied that he was sorry he had grown so large.

The castle was built of pink and blue crystals. It had a wide veranda running around its front, and there were many turrets and domes. Out in front was a wall with openings cut through, but so small that the boys could not pass. Teddy solved the problem by jumping over, and Jack soon followed. Looking through the doors and windows the rooms were found to be furnished very plainly. On the walls hung many different kinds of skins from animals, and the floors were carpeted with rushes. In the throne room was a raised platform on which stood a little tepee.

The chief explained that the tepee was not for use, but merely placed there according to the customs of his people. "Nor does a chief ever use a platform when holding council with his people," added the old chief. "We always meet on the level."

While the visitors were examining the castle the servants of the chief had been passing in and out—all little men and women like Chief Round Moon and Princess Bright Eyes. None of them appeared to pay any attention to the boys unless they were spoken to, and then they would politely answer such questions as were put to them.

By this time it was late, and while the boys were yet looking about the castle they heard the sound of a bell, and a moment later they were greeted with a weird melody which came from tiny chimes up in the belfry over the watch tower. When the music had ceased Chief Round Moon said: "It is growing late and we had better prepare for supper." Then he said something to a servant, who ran away as fast as his short legs would let him, and soon returned carrying a new mat, which he spread on the ground. A moment later other servants came out with refreshments

and the boys were invited to be seated. For the second time since entering this strange country Teddy and Jack were guests at the table of Chief Round Moon.

After they had finished their meal the chief looked at his watch, which was not much larger than one of the buttons on Jack's waistcoat, and said that he would have their beds prepared and on the morrow they would start on their trip. Then he clapped his hands and half a hundred little Indians came out with robes and furs and spread them on the pavement in front of the main entrance to the castle. "You boys can sleep here with safety," said the old chief, "yet I am sorry that I cannot give you better accommodations."

The boys again thanked the chief and lay down to rest—and to dream of the wonderful things they had seen since they left the home of their grandma in Hot Springs. Teddy was soon fast asleep and Jack was ready to follow when he heard a slight noise, and looking up saw that their bed was being guarded by ten little Indian men, each armed with a long reed, at the end of which was a pretty rattle box covered with colored beads. The last thing Jack remembered

that night was the erect forms of the wee guards of honor, as they noiselessly tramped back and forward. Then he, too, fell asleep and dreamed of being scalped with a rattle box covered with red and blue beads.

IV.

After Jack and Teddy had eaten their breakfast the Princess and they started on their visit to the various places of interest. When they had passed the spring where the boys had heard the voice in the cliffs Princess Bright Eyes said: "My venerable father, Chief Round Moon, has instructed me to go with you to all parts of his domain you desire and show you how his people live and what they do. The first place we will visit will be an Indian village. You must not expect to see our people armed with rattle boxes down there, for they are not. They are warriors and carry bows and arrows, and all of them have tomahawks. This is necessary because they must be prepared to defend their chief and go on the hunt to get game for their families. They will not injure you, however, as no one here ever harms another, unless there is just provocation."

"We'll be good," said Jack, and Teddy nodded his approval.

They traveled for some time along a dark passage, the Princess leading the way with a lighted torch. The boys had begun to wonder when they were to come to the village, and Teddy was on the point of asking, when it began to grow light. "We are almost out in the sunlight," said the Princess, as she extinguished her torch and left it in a hollow place in the side of the stone wall.

The boys observed it was getting as light as day, yet they saw no sun until suddenly they came out into an opening, surrounded by green trees, and then the rays of the queerest little sun burst forth. "What a funny sun," said Jack. "It isn't half so large as the last time I saw it."

"You never saw that sun before," replied the Princess. "It is not the same sun that shines on you. We have a little moon, too, and they are both controlled by the same invisible and all-wise power that moves the planets on the earth."

"But why don't Chief Round Moon have his castle out here on the open?" asked one of the boys.

"He likes the stillness of the rock formations best," replied the Princess; "yet you must not think he does not get rays of sunlight, for he does. There are passages leading through the rocks which carry reflections of the sun from point to point, by the aid of crystallizations, until the castle is reached, as well as the darker passages, and the sheen from the precious stones and crystallizations affords all the light necessary. And even if there were no sun, we would have artificial lights."

After passing through the open space the boys were taken up an incline, and on looking downward the most wonderful country they had ever seen spread out before them. It was a fairyland in reality. Running through the valley was a clear stream of water, which the Princess told them was called the Elkhorn.

"Was the stream named after the railroad Jack and I came to Hot Springs on?" asked Teddy.

"No, the railroad was named ages after the river was," replied the Princess, and the boys laughed.

"Now we will go down in the valley," said the Princess, "and after you have traveled a little

ways we will come to the outer edge of the Indian village."

Skirting the stream for half a league they came suddenly upon a village of tepees, scattered much the same as those of the Indians the boys had read about. A pack of little Indian dogs came to greet the visitors and barked savagely until the Princess spoke to them, and then they all tried to greet her with a kiss. At one tepee two old squaws were dressing a hide that had been taken from an elk, the size of an ordinary cat. The horns were lying on the grass and the boys saw that they were smaller than anything of the kind they had ever seen. Playing on the common were dozens of little Indian boys and girls, who showed no fear when the strangers came among them.

As the party advanced into the village they began to meet the braves. Some of them were dressed for the hunt, and some of them had red and blue paint on their faces, showing they were ready for war, if Chief Round Moon called them. Princess Bright Eyes motioned to one of the sub-chiefs and he immediately advanced and saluted. He was told that Jack and Teddy were from the other world, and had been sent to the

village by her father. The sub-chief, whose name was Ring-in-the-Toe, bowed to the boys, as if they had been royal personages and, turning, walked rapidly away. In a minute or so he came back and brought with him six young Indians, each carrying a bow and arrows, and a glistening little tomahawk. At his belt each carried a keen knife. When Teddy saw them coming he asked Jack if they were going to be killed. The Indians had no such intentions, however. They had merely come as a guard of honor, and a moment later the party started on the trip through the village.

Everywhere the boys went they found only things in miniature. The Indians were small, the ponies they rode or drove were small, and the homes they lived in were so small that neither of the boys could crawl into them. In the center of the village were the tepees of the sub-chiefs, each painted a bright carmine, while the other tepees were drab, with yellow rings around them. There were openings for the smoke to come out, and from many of them curled up in the air rifts of vapor. The boys asked what made the smoke so red, and it was explained that nothing but red wood was used on the fires.

Not far from where the chiefs had their tepees was a park in which were all kinds of trees and flowering shrubs, and the walks were lined with purple flowers that resembled pansies. In the center of the park was an open space where the Princess said the war dances were held. Little birds flitted about in the trees and wee squirrels chased each other from branch to branch. At the foot of one sturdy little tree stood a fountain from which a stream of water flowed. Teddy said he was thirsty and when one of the Indians handed him a shell full of the fluid he found that he was drinking the most delicious lemonade he had ever tasted. The Indians did not call it lemonade. They gave it a queer name, and when asked how it was made they replied that its origin was one of the secrets of the age, and they dare not disclose it. After the boys had drank all they desired they were taken on through the park and to the zoological gardens, where they were told they could see at least one of every animal that lived under the earth. And such a wonderful sight as it was. There were elephants, leopards, lions, bears, camels, monkeys, and in fact so many different creatures that the boys could not count them. They were all con-

fined in a great cage that covered an immense space of ground, but there were no partitions in it. The animals romped and played together as if they had been kittens. The boys asked how it was that they did not quarrel, and were told that animals in Round Moon's domain never disagreed, but lived in perfect harmony.

Jack asked if any one ever entered the cage, and for reply one of the Indians opened the gate and went in. He went up to an elephant and, stepping on the animal's snout, was lifted up on his back. Then the elephant knelt down while the Indian got off. Approaching a fierce lioness, which was playing with her cub, the Indian held out his hand and the lioness put up her paw to shake with him. Then he went over to where a lot of monkeys were chattering, and, after he had snapped his fingers a time or two, a score of them ran up a tree and out on a limb, where they hung by their tails until told to stop. A giraffe was nibbling buds from the top of a tree when the Princess called him by name, and he came over to the side of the cage and put his nose down for her to rub.

"Perhaps you think this is strange," said the Princess, "but I assure you there is nothing out

of the ordinary in it. You must remember that it has been millions of years since our world began and our people were advancing while your world was only dreamed of."

"Would the animals tear me to pieces if I went into the cage?" asked Teddy.

"No, they would not injure you in the least," replied the Princess, "and if you want to go in you may."

But Teddy had not come to the strange country to play with wild beasts, and he declined. Nor did Jack accept the invitation.

After the boys had looked at the animals all they cared to the Princess reminded them it was already past dinner time and invited them to accompany her, and those with her, to the bank of the Elkhorn, where dinner was awaiting them.

When they arrived at the stream they found ten little Indian maidens, none much larger than a china doll, prepared to serve them with a feast of good things. Mats were spread on the grass, and while they were eating Ring-in-the-Toe told them of a tribe of Indians who lived on the opposite side of the river. "They are bad Indians," said the chief, "and we sometimes have to go over there and punish them. At one time they

all lived over on this side, but the bad spirit influenced them and they did things of which Round Moon disapproved and he sent them away. None of them ever dare come back on this side to live, but occasionally they will slip across in the night and try to make mischief.

"The last time Round Moon had to punish them," continued Ring-in-the-Toe, "was about seven moons ago, and I am sorry to say that we had to punish them very hard, and leave many of them dead on the battle field. The Great Spirit was with Round Moon, and not a single one of his warriors was injured. When we came back we held a war dance lasting several sleeps, in the open space you saw in the park."

"Is there any danger of them coming over while we are here?" asked Teddy.

"Not in the least," replied Ring-in-the-Toe. "It will perhaps be over a hundred years before they come again, and it may be longer, but when they do Round Moon will punish them as before."

"When Round Moon is dead, who will punish the bad Indians?" asked Jack.

"Before he dies," explained the chief, "Princess Bright Eyes will marry. She is now old enough, for we celebrated her five hundredth

birthday last moon. Her first baby boy will be our leader."

"But supposing she never marries?" inquired one of the boys.

"No fear of that," said the chief. "The Great Spirit has so willed it, and in all the millions of years that our people have lived there has never been any trouble of this kind."

By the time the meal was finished it was getting late in the afternoon and the Princess suggested that the party go back to the village and listen to the tom-tom concert, after which they would be served with lunch and could retire to rest. On the following day, she added, they might see the Indians hunting buffalo out on the range.

The concert proved to be a most interesting musical affair, over fifty Indian boys and girls beating tom-toms at the same time, yet so softly that the air was filled with melody.

After the concert the boys were given something to eat and provided with buffalo skins to sleep on, and for a second night visited dreamland with a guard of little Indians about them. But this time the red men held tomahawks in their hands instead of rattle boxes.

V.

When the boys awoke the little round sun was shining full in their faces, the birds were singing, and there was a general stir of activity in the Indian village. They looked for their guards, but they had been withdrawn.

Teddy raised up on one elbow and said: "I think we had better get up, or we will miss our breakfast," and a little later both were bathing their faces at a fountain. While they were thus engaged, the Princess appeared and informed them that breakfast was waiting.

Again they were served with queer tasting but palatable dishes. The meal over, it was announced that Chief Ring-in-the-Toe and his hunters would accompany the boys and Princess Bright Eyes to the hunting grounds.

Leaving the village, the party passed up along the bank of the Elkhorn until they were about two leagues beyond the park, where the first buffaloes were sighted. "These are only a few stragglers," said the Princess, "but we will find plenty farther along."

Another half league was passed when a number of Indians, mounted on wiry little ponies,

rode out of a clump of trees and, after saluting Chief Ring-in-the-Toe, said that a herd of buffalo was grazing over the brow of the next range.

Each of the hunters was armed with bows and arrows, and some carried glistening spears, which convinced the boys that they were to see all the fun they wanted before they got back.

When the party was as close to the herd as it was thought advisable to go before the hunt opened, Chief Ring-in-the-Toe mounted a pony that had been led by one of the mounted Indians, and telling Princess Bright Eyes to take the boys up on a high hillock, so they could see down in the valley, he ordered the footmen to follow and then rode off at a gallop.

The Princess and the boys had hardly reached the desired view-point when they heard shouts and yells from below, and looking down saw a sight that sent the blood rushing through their veins.

The buffalo had been trapped, but none of them proposed to give up without a desperate struggle. The valley had high bluffs surrounding it on all sides, there being but one egress aside from the river front. Time and again the herd charged thunderously toward the outlet,

but each time they came in contact with the sharp spears and deadly sting of the arrows, which the Indians poured into them like rain. Occasionally one of the animals would go down, but the ranks would go on, unbroken, just the same.

Round and round in the lowland the Indians and the buffalo circled—one side battling for life and the other for death. But it was royal sport, and very exciting. Once when an old bull made a lunge at the pony on which Chief Ring-in-the-Toe was mounted, and it appeared that both pony and Indian would be killed, Teddy covered his eyes with his hands and would not look again until told by the Princess that the bull had been slain with thrusts from a spear.

One thing that had attracted the attention of the boys, and was a puzzle for some time, was the manner in which certain of the buffaloes were unmolested, no matter how close the hunters came to them. Princess Bright Eyes explained it by pointing out that following each of the animals thus left alone was a wee buffalo calf, which would die if deprived of its natural protector.

This explanation pleased the boys very much,

and they asked who gave the order that the little calves were to be spared. The Princess told them it was the wish of her father, Chief Round Moon, and that if a hunter ever killed a calf, unless it was by pure accident, he would be forever banished to the land where the bad Waumpums lived.

While the Princess was still talking they heard a shout from down in the lowland and saw Chief Ring-in-the-Toe waving a flaming red banner. "That means the hunt is over," explained the Princess. "They have killed all the game we can take care of, and it would not be right to kill any more."

"It was an awfully jolly hunt," said Jack, "but really I am glad that the end has come."

Teddy was straining his eyes in all directions trying to find the buffalo herd, but nothing could be seen of them. Finally he asked where they had gone.

"Into the river," replied the Princess. "Don't you see their heads bobbing up and down in the water?"

The boys looked in the direction indicated and could make out hundreds of shaggy brown and black heads on the surface, and with them were

scores of yet smaller objects, which the Princess said were the buffalo calves.

"But why didn't they jump into the water when they were being hunted so hard?" asked one of the boys.

"That's something that we have never been able to explain," replied the Princess, "but it has always been the same. Just as soon as a hunt is over, if there is any water nearby, the buffalo will jump in and swim to the other side."

"But will they ever come back?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Princess. "They would be driven back, even if they didn't want to come. The bad Waumpums on the other side would kill them all if they stayed over there."

As soon as the hunt was over, the Indians who had come on foot began to dress the animals, and those on the ponies, with Chief Ring-in-the-Toe at their head, rode up to where Princess Bright Eyes and the boys were, and asked them if they were ready to go into the tiger country.

"Gee, we are not going where there are tigers, are we?" exclaimed Teddy.

"Not unless you care to," replied the Princess. "However, allow me to say that you will not be

injured, for Chief Ring-in-the-Toe is the greatest tiger hunter in the kingdom, and he will protect us."

"We'll go," said the boys.

Just before they started, Chief Ring-in-the-Toe blew a blast on a horn whistle and an Indian boy appeared leading three ponies, one each for Princess Bright Eyes, Teddy and Jack.

After leaving the buffalo grounds the party headed into a deep forest, a portion of which they had passed on the way out. Before they had gone far one of the boys turned and saw at least a hundred Indian women, some riding in two-wheeled carts, some on ponies, and still others on foot, coming up the hill, while about them ran dozens of yelping dogs, about the size of Teddy's pet kitten.

"Where are those people going?" asked Jack.

"They are the women of our village," replied Chief Ring-in-the-Toe. "They have come out to help dress the dead buffalo. You will observe that some of them have brought along tents, which you can see strapped to the long poles that the ponies in the rear are drawing. They will camp out here until the buffalo meat has been sun-cured, then they will pack it in bundles and haul it back to the village."

"But why don't the men do the work?" asked Teddy.

The chief didn't know what to reply to this question, and the Princess had to come to his rescue by saying: "It's the custom of our people, that's all."

"Then that's one custom of yours I don't like," replied Teddy, and the Princess smiled so sweetly that the little fellow blushed like a tea rose.

Chief Ring-in-the-Toe rode first, and next to him came one of his trusted hunters. Neither one carried anything but a sharp spear and a two-edged knife, the blade of which zigzagged like a wave of water. Then came several Indians armed with bows and arrows, and some with spears. The Princess and the boys were behind. Not a word was spoken, and the boys were told to keep perfectly quiet if they wanted to see a tiger killed.

After they had gotten well within the forest the trees were found to be so close together, and the underbrush so dense, that the Indians had to dismount, and the boys did likewise. Leaving the ponies with a couple of Indians the party plunged deeper and deeper into the forest. They had not gone very far when the old chief held up

his hand to command silence and a moment later tilted his spear forward, as if ready to make a thrust. "What's the matter?" asked Jack in a whisper. "He smells a tiger," replied the Princess.

Hardly had the words left her mouth when a bright red object shot through the air and came near landing right on top of the chief. The chief saw the animal coming and jumped back, and before the tiger could turn for another spring the spear had pierced his heart.

The old chief was proud of his reputation as a tiger hunter, and called the boys to come and see what he had done. After they had examined the animal the chief told two of the men to help him and he would hang the body up in a tree, so they could find it on the way back, and remove the skin.

"Why do you want so many to help?" asked Jack.

"Because he is so heavy," replied the chief. "He is a very large one, and will weigh more than two men can lift."

Before the Indians could comply with the request of their chief Teddy stooped down and, picking the animal up, he tossed the body into

the tree fork as easily as if it had been made of hay instead of flesh and blood.

"You're a wonderful boy," was all the chief said.

"Nothing wonderful about that," replied Teddy. "He doesn't weigh over fifteen pounds, and isn't much larger than a common house cat in the country I came from."

The next tiger was found stretched out on the limb of a tree. Teddy was the first to see it, although Chief Ring-in-the-Toe had been sniffing the air for some time. All of a sudden Teddy took a notion that he would like to kill a tiger, and asked the chief if he could try. "Certainly," replied the chief, and he handed the boy his long spear.

Teddy walked forward until he was almost directly under the tiger, when he picked up a stick and threw it at the gleaming eyes, and in a moment the tiger had sprung at him.

The boy saw the animal coming, and braced himself, and when the little beast struck the ground the spear had passed clear through his body.

The chief said he had never done half so well in his life, and that was saying a great deal, for

he was the best hunter in Chief Round Moon's world.

Bright Eyes was even more profuse in her praises, and, as she had taken a liking to Teddy, she told him that if he would come back when she had celebrated her six hundredth birthday she would become his wife.

Jack wasn't exactly jealous of Teddy, but somehow he wished it had been he instead of his little brother who had achieved such a victory.

In a little while one of the hunters with the party killed another tiger and the hunt was over.

It was now getting late in the day and they were all tired and hungry, so the return trip was begun. As they rode along the old chief told many interesting tales of tiger hunting, and explained why the tigers in this wonderful land are red in color. He said it was because they eat nothing but red clay after they are weaned, but when they are first born they are almost white. As soon as they begin to eat the clay their color gradually changes, and in a few weeks they are the color of the food they live upon.

When the village was reached the boys found that a great barbecue had been arranged in their

honor, and over a dozen buffalo brought from the hunting grounds and roasted whole.

Long rows of reed mats had been placed under the trees in the park and in a short time the hunt was being celebrated. Nor was roast buffalo meat the whole bill of fare. By the orders of the Princess many things had been provided, which were kept for just such occasions, and the boys thought they had never tasted anything half so good.

After the banquet was over, another tom-tom concert was given, and then it was time to go to bed.

For a second time in the village the two little Omaha boys slept out in the open, on great piles of furs, while about them stood, as a guard of honor, ten little Indian men.

VI.

This was to be the last day of the boys' visit in the land of the Waumpums, and the prettiest things to see had been reserved for the occasion. They were to make a trip to Bead Land, where the pretty colored beads grow with which the Indians decorate their moccasins.

Long before the sun had begun to peep over

the range, Jack and Teddy were up and strolling through the village. As they passed the tepees they saw the little Indian women cooking the morning meal. A little farther on they met a group of Indian boys who had been up to the Elkhorn to bathe. Then the boys turned back to the tepee of Chief Ring-in-the-Toe and found their breakfast ready.

In honor of their last meal in the village, the Princess dined with them, and as they were dining she told them of the beautiful country they were to see during the day.

There were no huntsmen or warriors with the boys when they started. No one, in fact, but Princess Bright Eyes and Yellow Smoke, whose Indian name is "Sha-da-na-zhi," which means yellow smoke. The Princess explained that Yellow Smoke was the keeper of the land of beads and that no one was allowed to go there but he, or some of the royal family.

Bead Land was about a league and a half from the village, but there were so many things of interest to see along the way that the trip was at an end before the boys realized it.

As they got closer to the entrance of Bead Land they saw that the shade of the birds' wings

became brighter. Down in the valley they had been gray, brown and black, but here the feathers were the color of the rainbow. One of the boys asked what caused the change and was told to wait and he would see.

Passing through a deep crevice, the walls of which seemed to tower hundreds of feet above, a waterfall was seen. The Princess took the lead, and, passing through the misty spray, she called to the others to follow. Teddy answered back that he would be drenched if he did. "No you will not," replied Yellow Smoke. "This spray does not wet anything but the soil."

Thus assured the boys passed under the spray and came out dry on a little plateau, where Princess Bright Eyes was waiting.

"We are about to enter Bead Land," said the Princess, "and all I ask is that you do not touch anything without first asking permission from Yellow Smoke, as he would be banished to the land of the bad Waumpums if harm came to a single thing here."

The boys promised to be very careful and the Princess led the way up a steep hill, where a fine view could be had of the surrounding country, and pointed out Bead Land.

In front of them for leagues and leagues was a sight of dazzling beauty—so dazzling that the boys had to shade their eyes until they became used to the change from the sere and brown to the gorgeous colors. In places there were trees, and in other places small shrubs, and hanging down from them were long strands of a fine fibrous texture. On these strands and in the meshes were untold numbers of the prettiest beads that have ever been seen any place out of Bead Land.

On some of the fibers were red beads; on others green; then there were blue, crystal, azure—the tint of the ruby and sapphire, in very fact every conceivable color, and so perfectly did they blend that they made Teddy think of the paradise his mother had told him of.

"Now," said the Princess, "we will follow Yellow Smoke."

The keeper of Bead Land knew where to go to get the best view, and as they passed on he told much he knew of the curious sights. "This part of Chief Round Moon's domain," said Yellow Smoke, "has been growing and developing for ages and ages. When the Great Spirit created our country he made Bead Land and set out

those trees which you see, bearing beads, instead of fruit. The beads, as you will presently observe, for we are going to gather some of them, are not glass, as the beads in your world are. They are wonderful crystallizations, made of the same unfathomed material as the crystals and stalactites in Wind Cave. The trees all have fibers on them, which grow as rapidly as the leaves on an ordinary tree about our village. Each tree has a different colored sap or juice, and this sap is what gives color to the beads. Where the sap is red the beads are red. If it is blue the beads are blue.

"The beads form slowly," continued Yellow Smoke. "It takes hundreds of years for one of them to reach its natural size. That is one reason why Chief Round Moon is so careful that nothing is touched without permission of his keeper."

"But how are the beads made?" asked Jack.

"I was going to tell you," replied the keeper. "You remember the spray you came through, and that it did not wet you? Well, that spray is damp, but it is so fine that you could not feel it. After the spray goes over the falls it strikes the earth and is absorbed. This part of the coun-

try lies in a great basin, so tight at the bottom that not a drop of moisture can get out. Once in the earth the moisture works its way, by natural means, back up through the valley in which the trees are located, and the roots of the trees, coming in contact with it, are freshened and caused to grow. But all of the dampness does not go into the roots. A certain part of it comes out of the ground and alights on the meshes of the fibers, and the bead formation around the fibers begins. The rest of the dampness falls at night time into the rivulet that fed the falls we saw, and when morning comes there is always a spray. By seven tongs (which is nine o'clock) the spray-fall ceases. That, in brief, is the manner in which the beads are grown."

While the explanation had been somewhat lengthy, it was interesting, and the boys were more anxious than ever to go through the strange land.

The first beads they came to were purple ones, and oh, how pretty—more purple than any fluer-de-lis ever picked. When the Princess stopped beneath the tree on which they grew the reflection turned her complexion into the shade of the beads.

Teddy clapped his hands and shouted for joy, while Jack said that if he had a tree like that at home he would never leave it, day or night.

"These beads are not nearly so pretty as some you will see," explained Yellow Smoke, "as they are too far from the center of the forest."

"But don't they brighten quicker in the sun than in the shade?" asked one of the boys.

"You must remember that it is the spray that makes the colors," replied the Princess.

A little farther on they came to trees and shrubs laden with bright red beads, and near by were trees bearing yellow and green beads, but they were more perfect than those first seen. Trailing down from other trees were pink beads, white beads, black beads, and beads of all shades and sizes.

The boys had been very careful not to touch a single fiber, although the temptation was great. This pleased the old keeper and he told them that they would now go into the part of the forest where they could pick all the beads they wanted.

Passing through a clump of trees they entered a little valley, which was screened from view by the forest, and before them was another wonder-

ful sight. The trees here seemed to be older. Yellow Smoke said this was the first part of Bead Land that the Great Spirit planted, and although it had been growing so long it still was capable of supplying all the beads that the Indians would need for at least ten thousand years to come.

There were graveled paths in this part of Bead Land, and as the party wound in and out among the trees the boys were told to gather such beads as suited their fancy.

Teddy wore a blouse waist and he decided to fill the loose part with beads and take them home. Jack was more modest and all he wanted were a few of each kind as keepsakes.

Teddy had already nearly filled his blouse with choice selections when he remembered that there were other colors—he had gathered none but carmine ones, so he had to pour out nearly all of them on the ground. "I'm sorry I wasted so many," the little fellow said, apologetically. "That makes no difference," replied Yellow Smoke, "for I can use them, and it will save me picking them myself."

From tree to tree the boys went, at each gathering a few, until they had all they could carry.

It was now past the high sun hour and the

Princess opened a wicker basket and they sat down to lunch under the shade of a big bead tree —big to the Princess and Yellow Smoke, yet the topmost branches were not much higher than either of the boys could reach.

While they were eating the boys talked of nothing but pretty beads. They had for the time forgotten all about the wonderful castle, where old Chief Round Moon lived; the queer village of his people, the buffalo hunt, and tiger skin that Teddy had longed to bring with him. And why shouldn't they talk of beads? About them, on all sides, as far as they could see, were nothing but beads, and their pockets were full of beads.

A bird, much like the brown thrush, flew by, but its wings were tipped with red, and his breast was yellow. The rest of his feathers were blue. Jack again asked why all the birds were colored in Bead Land, and Yellow Smoke told him that it was because they came each morning to bathe in the spray that went over the falls.

After lunch the Princess took the boys for a ramble through the little mountains and up the canyons that surrounded Bead Land. From one high point they could see a snow-capped range, far off to the north, which they were told was

peopled by a tribe of Indians known as Snow-men, but who never came down into the Waumpum's country for fear they would smother.

After enjoying the scenery, and praising everything they saw, the boys told the Princess that it was time for them to start home. Then Jack happened to think that he had no knowledge of where Teddy and he were, or how to get back to the mouth of Wind Cave, and he asked for directions.

"You are much nearer the home of your grandma than you think," replied Princess Bright Eyes. "It is not so very far. Yellow Smoke will go with you part of the way."

Now that the time had come for the boys to bid good-bye to the Princess they were sorry to go, but they knew their visit was at an end and there was nothing else to do.

The parting was a pathetic one. The boys sent a message of love to Chief Round Moon, Ring-in-the-Toe, and the others who had helped make their visit pleasant, and started up the path, with Yellow Smoke in the lead. As they were about to pass out of sight Teddy turned and saw the Princess brush a tear from her eyes. The boy's heart was touched, and going back to

her he said: "Here, Princess Bright Eyes, is something to remember me by." Then he hurried after his companions.

When the Princess opened her hand to see what Teddy had left she found an old one-bladed Barlow knife.

After traveling an hour or so through deep canyons Yellow Smoke led the way into a dark crevice. From a nook in the rocks he took a torch and lighted it and then they passed through many other crevices, jumped narrow streams, and at last came to where it began to grow light. Yellow Smoke stopped and said: "I can go no farther. None of my people have ever been to the end of this cave. If one of us went out there, so we could see your world, we would never return.

"It is near the close of your day," continued Yellow Smoke, "and you will have to hurry along. You will come out in the open half way up Battle mountain."

A hasty good-by was said, and a moment later the boys were alone.

They easily found their way to the mouth of the cave, and looking down the valley they saw their grandma's home.

Pell mell they ran down the mountain side, and were soon clasped in the arms of their mother, who had come out to the Springs when she heard her boys were lost in Wind Cave.

"Where on earth have you boys been?" exclaimed their grandma, as she shared the hugs and kisses of her pets.

"Been to the most wonderful land in the world," replied Teddy, "and if you don't believe it just look here," and he shoved a hand into his pocket, but hurriedly drew it back again —empty.

The first glint of sunshine from the outer world had dissolved the beads of mist into vapor.

The Cowboy's Dream

JIMMY FADDEN AND TOM DUGAN were inseparable. For years they had ridden the range together, from Piney Buttes to Sundance; from the valley of the Wounded Knee to Powder River. They had roped on the Laramie plains and helped brand down on the Cheyenne. Finally they had come to be known as the "Cowboy Twins."

To know Jimmy Fadden was to know Tom Dugan. Where one went the other went also. On the round-up they kept always together, and if one was in trouble, or ill, the other was there to assist him. No two brothers ever loved each other better than they, and when Colonel Comstock, of the Spade Ranch, up on the Clearwater, hired Jimmy Fadden he of necessity engaged Tom Dugan.

From the Spade Ranch to Gordon the trail is no short one, reaching over rolling plains peopled with prairie dogs and past beds of blossoming cacti. Along it the range of the naked eye

is limited only by the horizon, and at certain seasons of the year there will sometimes loom up, of a sudden, apparently but a short distance away, a wonderful sight—a city, not of the plains, but the presentment of many thousand miles away, perhaps across the sea. For the country between the Spade Ranch and Gordon, as all westerners know, is made more interesting, if possible, by the mirage.

It often happens that a cowboy crossing the sandy stretch will see, just over the next rise, not only a city, but lakes of blue water fringed with trees—sometimes palms, and again willows, or perhaps it may be the tall cocoanut. Teams and animals may be seen—but it is only a mirage. It is told of one cowboy who had lost his dog, that he saw reflected in a mirage one day a team driven by a man, and running beside the wagon was a dog. "'Pon my word," said the cowboy to himself, "that's my dog," and he drew out his whistle and blew a long blast, expecting to see his pet come scampering toward him. But the dog did not come, and all at once it dawned upon him that perhaps the animal he had called was many hundred miles away.

It was through this country of mirages that

Jimmy Fadden and Tom Dugan rode from the Spade Ranch to Gordon. There was to be a ranch ball and a few days' recreation in the town, and that called the cowboys from Spade Ranch, as it did from many other ranches up and down the divide.

At last the festivities were over, and Jimmy Fadden was ready to return home, but his friend wished to stay another day—whether because of the sparkle in a pair of black eyes, or a desire to postpone the long ride, is not known. Either might have been the cause, for pretty eyes are the same the world over, and the maidens of the plains have the brightest in the world.

Finally it was decided that the two old friends should part, for a day at least—for the first time in years—and Jimmy Fadden saddled his bronco, pulled on his leather leggings and rode away. "I'll be in to-morrow, or the next day," called Tom Dugan, as Jimmy turned a corner and was soon lost to sight in the cloud of sand dust that went swirling up behind him.

And Tom Dugan did not start to follow him the next day, nor the next. It was three days later when he bade his acquaintances farewell and swung into the saddle.

There were two trails back to the Spade Ranch; one up the valley past the sand dunes and buttes,—the other out in the open. The cowboy preferred the former. He loved to build castles in the air as he rode along and populate them with all imaginable sorts of people. He knew that Jimmy Fadden had taken the upper trail—it came to him all of a sudden—and then he remembered a dream he had during his last night in Gordon—a dream that sent a cold shudder up his spine and caused him to jerk the bridle reins so hard that his pony was thrown back on his haunches. The pretty sand dunes were forgotten and the bigger buttes left in their glory—Tom Dugan was living over again the dream of the night.

As the pony bounded across the sandy stretch, and the cool air from the mountains, far to the northwest, filled his nostrils, the lone rider had time to gather the threads of the dream as from the meshes of a tangled web. "I can see it all now," he said, as if talking to his pony. "Just as plain as life, I saw Jimmy Fadden lying out there on the open, unable to get up. Feeding near him was his horse,—a skittish young rascal. I saw Jimmy crawl out where his pony was and

catch the rope and then grasp the rein, and at last attempt to climb up in the saddle. I saw him try and try again and then fall back. It might all have been true and Jimmy may be dead," and down came the quirt on the broncho's flanks, and the jangling spurs were sunk deeper into his side.

Swiftly the man and beast crossed the sand,—not swift enough for Tom Dugan. It seemed as if he was going at a snail's pace. His faithful pony had always been swift footed before. What could be the matter now?

Off to the right of the trail was a herd of cattle grazing. Near them were two cowboys who knew Tom Dugan, and as he drew near they called for him to stop and rest. And as they were shouting he sped on past; nothing but an accident could stop the cowboy from the Spade Ranch.

Mile after mile of that seemingly endless plain was passed. Up one rise and down, over another, and still the plain was untenanted.

At noon the cowboy reined in his pony, and getting down held the rope while the hungry beast cropped a few mouthfuls of the bunch grass. But time was precious, and the journey was soon resumed.

Five miles, ten, and then twelve were covered, when afar in the distance Dugan saw a dark spot. How his heart leaped. He was too far away to see what the object was, but he felt it was Jimmy Fadden's horse. Another mile was passed, and from a knoll the rider recognized unmistakably his comrade's mount browsing on the sage brush.

No time to lose now. No thought of the tired horse he rode. Jimmy was in danger—perhaps he was dead, and like a whirlwind, and riding as only the cowboys of the western range can ride, Tom Dugan pressed forward.

As he swept along he could see the rope dragging out behind, the saddle in place and the reins dangling, but no sign of Jimmy Fadden. Riding up to the horse, he carefully examined the empty saddle for evidence of foul play. But the saddle told him none.

Taking his friend's broncho with him, Dugan started westward, keeping a sharp eye in all directions. Half a mile farther on a pack of great gray wolves drifted across the track and scampered away, growling and snarling as they went. Then to the right a sneaking coyote jumped and ran to the rear of the horseman. "I don't like the looks of them critters," said Du-

gan to himself. "Guess I'll just hobble the ponies and see what I can find on foot. Them wolves aren't here for nothing, that's sure."

Dugan scoured the plain in all directions, but no trace of Jimmy Fadden he found. No bunch of sage nor towering cluster of cactus escaped a careful scrutiny. Even the sand was kicked up—for wolves have been known to hide their prey. Dugan was in despair.

A moment later there was borne to him a long, low whistle, from what direction the eager cowboy could not tell. Again came the whistle, and Dugan's temples throbbed and the blood went coursing through his veins. He knew the sound —it was from Jimmy Fadden, as they had learned to call each other up on the Chugwater when they were hunting cattle rustlers.

Leaving the ponies behind, Dugan hurried up the trail, and five hundred yards from where he had made his search for Jimmy's bones, Jimmy was found on the sand, with a broken leg. His horse had stumbled and thrown him.

The scene that took place between the two men is known best to those who live on the range.

"How long have you been here, old fellow?" at last asked Dugan.

"For two days and two nights," replied Jimmy, "and I guess if you had not come the wolves would have finished me to-night. I had to empty my revolver at them last night, but I kept one shot."

"What for?" asked Dugan; and both men looked at each other.

"You know," was all that Jimmy Fadden said, and Dugan understood.

Look-a-Bill Hollow Wild Cat

LOOK-A-BILL HOLLOW WAS ONE of the most dreaded places in the whole West in the days when Nebraska was young. Occasionally rumors of Indian depredations and evidences of the ravages of prairie fires would distract attention from it, yet as soon as these ceased to be talked about, Look-a-Bill Hollow would come to the surface and furnish theme after theme for old and young. It did not owe its notoriety to either ghosts or hobgoblins, but to a big wild cat, called by the settlers "Tom."

Tom was there when the first white man moved into a dug-out up on Cedar Creek, and refused to be friends from the start. The settler's hen-roosts would be robbed one night, and perhaps the next a lamb would be carried away. The tracks left in the soft earth showed that Tom did it. Then other settlers came and "squatted" along Turkey Creek, and down on Mill Creek, and Tom soon became the busiest wild cat east of the Rocky Mountains.

One fall a Missourian moved into the locality and brought with him six or seven Missouri hounds. His premises were not molested, for the wild cat feared the hounds, and this led to the organization of a wild cat party for the purpose of hunting down and killing old Tom.

The wily old cat, fierce as he was, had many friends among the birds that lived in the trees of Look-a-Bill Hollow. When one of them, a Brown Thrush, heard the Missourian and his friends arranging for the hunt, he flew to the tall tree in which Tom lived and told him all about it. "Thank you," said Tom. "You certainly are my friend, and I'll never harm a living wild thing that has feathers on it."

The hunt began at sunrise, the dogs running in and out among the trees and rocks, but it was some time before they got the scent. Then they set off at a mad run, yelping so loud that they could have been heard for miles. "Them dogs are all right," explained the owner. "I know, because I raised 'em."

Louder and louder the hounds bayed, and suddenly there came the sounds of a conflict—a mixture of yelps, growls and the shrill cry of the wild cat. "Let's hurry," said the Missourian,

and he took the lead, trailing his long squirrel rifle to keep the hammer from coming in contact with the shrubs they were passing through. The party left the brush, crossed a patch of trees, and then a clearing, at the far end of which they found a dead hound. Tom had left his mark and gone. The rest of the dogs were hiding, all in a bunch, in the underbrush.

"'Pears to me thet Tom may be in a holler tree," advised one settler. "He kin stey thare fer all I keer," replied the Missourian. "He's killed my best coon dog, and thet's more'n all ther lambs and chickens in the valley's worth."

The hounds and their master took the back track, but three of the settlers followed the trail. Half a mile up the hollow they found where Tom had gone up a big tree. "Better watch out, boys," said the leader, "or that cat will be down among us before we know it." Hardly had the words left his lips when Tom struck the ground near where the men were standing, and before a shot could be fired had run into the brush and was gone. Then the hunt was abandoned.

That night another lamb was carried off, and the next night a pair of fat pullets were added

to the list. Tom was still abroad and was feared more than ever. Already he had killed and carried off dozens of chickens and turkeys and a score of lambs, and, on three or four occasions, had showed fight to settlers who had met him in Look-a-Bill Hollow.

It was a long while before another hunt for Tom was arranged. This time the whole settlement turned out, and for two days the men hunted in and out of the dreaded hollow, but only the tracks of Tom could be found. He had gone, but his tracks were so fresh that they misled the hunters and made them believe that he was still in the locality.

As soon as the men left, Brown Thrush flew off to the Platte river and found Tom, fast asleep in a hollow elm tree, and told him that it was safe to come back to Look-a-Bill Hollow. "I'll get even with them for chasing me about," said Tom to Brown Thrush. "I'll give somebody a good scare, and then perhaps they'll leave me alone."

Nothing in the settlement was disturbed for several nights and the impression began to grow that the last hunt had frightened Tom out of the neighborhood. Tom was there, however,

watching his chance to strike. It came sooner than he expected and was just what he wanted.

While creeping along among the rocks and gullies that fringe Cedar Creek one afternoon, Tom came suddenly upon three little children, a boy of five, a girl of seven and a wee little fellow of two years old. They were gathering flowers and having as happy a time as imaginable, when, like a streak of lightning, Tom shot through the air and catching the baby boy by the dress ran away with him and was soon out of sight. The two children, half crazed with fright and grief, went back and told their awful story to their parents.

"It's Tom of Look-a-Bill Hollow," cried the mother in despair. "I'll never see Lee again." The father, a stern old Scotchman, said that perhaps the baby had been dropped as the wild cat ran away, and taking his rifle he started in pursuit. He found the trail and followed it until it entered the heavy timber, where it appeared to have vanished in the air. From tree to tree the father went, and, as he eagerly peered up among the branches and probed into the hollow trunks, his heart grew heavier. Finally night came on and the search was given up. As the old Scotchman turned to go back, he heard Tom scream, far up the canyon.

The following day there were over fifty men and scores of dogs scouting through the trees where Tom lived. Once a man thought he caught sight of the wild cat in the branches, but Tom was not there, and the hunt went on.

Another day and still another the settlers hunted for traces of either the baby or Tom, and then gave up the chase.

One morning, nearly a fortnight after Tom had carried off the baby, the little brother and sister were out again picking flowers. The apron of the lassie was nearly full of Sweet Williams, wild roses and pretty leaves, and they were about ready to go back to their home when Brown Thrush flew down beside them and said: "Good morning, little folks. I'm Brown Thrush, and live up in Look-a-Bill Hollow."

"Aint you awful 'f'aid of dat bad wild cat what took baby Lee away?" asked the little boy.

"Not in the least," replied Brown Thrush. "In fact, Tom and I are great friends, and it is about him that I came to see you children."

"What do you want?" inquired the lassie.

"Of course you children never expect to see your baby brother again, do you?" inquired the bird.

The children replied sorrowfully that they had given up hope and that their baby brother would never come back.

"I knew you felt that way," continued Brown Thrush, "but you are mistaken. I have good news for you. The baby is sound and well and has not been injured. Tom carried him away because the settlers kept hunting him so long, but he has fed him on things he has stolen from the settlement in the night. All that Tom wants is to be let alone. Now you children keep perfectly quiet and don't make any noise, and Tom will be here in a moment after I flap my wings, and he will bring your baby brother with him."

"But he may take me, too," said the little boy.

"No he won't," replied the bird. "He has had trouble enough with the baby, and if he carried you off he would have a worse time. All I want you to do is to tell the settlers not to hunt Tom any more."

"We'll do it," said the little girl, and a moment later Brown Thrush hopped up on a rose bush and flapped his wings, and the children caught sight of Tom as he bounded along. Almost before they knew it they were clasping their baby brother in their arms and crying as loud as

they could. In fact, they screamed so loud that the old Scotchman heard them and ran to their assistance. It took but a moment for the little girl to explain what Brown Thrush had said and what Tom had done.

For years afterward Tom lived in Look-a-Bill Hollow, but the settlers never hunted him, nor did he ever steal any more of their chickens and lambs.

Sandstorm on the Plains

PONCHO AND DAVE WERE TWO cow ponies, and side by side they had traveled hundreds of miles. Their masters, like the two cowboys of the Spade Ranch, rode the same range, and that is how Poncho and Dave became such fast friends. If one of the cow ponies found a good grazing patch he would whinny to the other and together they would take their lunch. If any other cow pony attempted to come near, however, Poncho and Dave would join forces and drive him away.

The first time I saw Poncho and Dave was up near Casper, where they were cropping grass, where their masters had left them. I had some difficulty in approaching the ponies, but finally succeded and we were soon thereafter on good terms. "I have heard of you ponies a great many times," I said, "and assure you I am very glad to meet you." Then I added, "I want Poncho to tell me about the sand storm he passed through down on the Laramie Plains."

"I can't tell a story," replied Poncho. "I never could. Let Dave tell you about it." "But Dave wasn't there, was he?" I inquired. "No, he wasn't there," replied the pony, "but he knows all about it." "Not as much as a pony that was actually there," I replied. This appeared to touch the vanity of Poncho, and bidding me be seated on a prairie dog mound he told this story:

"It was late in September when Bill and I left the Jackson-Hole country and started southeast, intending to stop several times between our starting point and Cheyenne. Bill, you know," by way of explanation, "was my rider, and one of the bravest and best cowboys that ever threw his leg over a broncho's back. There he is over there tossing his sombrero up for the boys to shoot at," continued Poncho, as he pointed with one foreleg towards a bunch of cowboys off to the right.

"As I was saying," resumed Poncho, "it was late in the month of September. Bill and I had been up in the Jackson-Hole country for some weeks trying to locate lost cattle, but we didn't find them, and as Bill was anxious to get back to the Single Cross Ranch he decided to make a

forced march, and, to save time, cut across the country. Just as we were leaving the shack where we stayed all night the rancher came out, and after carefully scanning the sky in all directions, said: 'Pard, if I were you, I'd not start to-day. Better wait till to-morrow, for there's liable to be a sand storm.' 'Oh, I guess not,' replied Bill, and tightening the reins he gave me a slap on the hip and away we went.

"At noon we stopped at a ranch and got our dinner and a good drink of water, the last either of us had for nearly three days. After dinner Bill put on the saddle and we again headed for the southeast. Along about three o'clock I looked off in the east and saw a little black cloud coming up. At first it was no larger than your hat, but it grew and grew and in less than no time was as large as a water tank on the 'Overland.' Bill saw it, too, but he said nothing until I spoke and said: 'Bill, there comes that sand storm.' 'Looks like it,' replied Bill, and a moment later the air was filled with shifting sand. To face the tornado was impossible, and the only thing left to do was to turn and go with it and try to find shelter.

"Harder and fiercer the storm raged, until we

could not see a yard in front of us. In fact, we both had to shut our eyes and chance to luck. Mile after mile I galloped with the storm, sometimes half lifted in the air, and again at other times half buried in the sand. Bill never struck me once, but occasionally he would reach over and pat my neck and say, 'Poncho, old boy. Poncho, old boy. Good old fellow.' Now those pats did not cost Bill anything and they did me more good than I can tell. I knew that possibly we were both to be buried in the sand, yet I made up my mind that if good horse sense, and four strong legs could carry Bill to safety, we'd get there somehow.

"At last night came on, although it had been dark ever since the sand storm struck us, and as there were no indications of the wind going down, Bill decided to stop and rest on the windward side of a sand dune we had run up against. Both of us were hungry as a gray wolf, and would have given a great deal for a drink of water. Poor Bill; I felt more sorry for him than I did for myself, because I knew he had a sweetheart down at Cheyenne, and if he never got back alive it would break her heart. For myself I had only Bill, and he was with me.

"When Bill got off he loosened the girths of

the saddle and then placed one arm over my neck, and, turning his back to the storm, he said: 'Poncho, we'll die game, if we die at all, won't we?'

"My, how that storm raged, and how the wind shrieked. I never saw anything like it before or since, and I hope I never will.

"After we had been behind the dune a little while and got the sand dug out of our eyes we were able to open them, but it was then so dark that we couldn't distinguish anything. All that night we stood there, Bill with his arm over my neck, and I with my head down, waiting for morning to break. Oh, how long it seemed. It appeared to me as if all the nights that had ever been were being rolled together into one long night, and that was upon us. Along towards morning Bill must have dozed off, for I felt his arm slip from my neck and he gently slid down on the sand, which was by this time heaped up nearly to my sides. I knew that if he lay down that he would be buried in the sand, so I turned and nipped him good and hard on the shoulder, and he awoke in a moment—for he really was asleep. 'Thanks, old fellow,' was all he said, but I knew he meant it.

"At last morning came and as the wind had gone down a little, we could see about us. Lying out to the south, not over twenty feet away, were a magnificent pair of antlers. We knew in a moment what they meant. An elk from the Wind River mountains had been driven along by the sand storm and after going as far as he could had fallen;—the antlers marked his burial place.

"Bill thought we could soon be on the move, but he was mistaken. In an hour the sand began to roll as turbulently as before, and all we could do was to wait. All that day the wind swept across the desert and the air was filled with sand, monstrous tumble weeds, rushes from the Bad Lands and every conceivable thing that can be found on the Laramie Plains. Darkness brought no relief, and, as it settled in, Bill said: 'Poncho, this is perhaps our last night on earth —I must sleep,' and a moment later he had crouched down on the sand. I, too, wanted to do the same, but I knew that if I slept that neither Bill nor I would ever awaken; so I braced up and stood on guard.

"I had been so worried over the storm that I had forgotten about something to eat or water to drink, but as the second night dragged on

nature began to assert her rights, and I felt as if I would die at any moment. Life is sweet, however, even to a cow pony, and I fought off the stupor that kept coming over me. Then I thought of Bill and his sweetheart, and this gave me something to do, for the sand had already half covered poor Bill. I waited, not to disturb him, until it had come up to his face, as he lay in a half reclining position on his back, and then I pawed it away. Then I would wait again for the sand to pile up, and each time would paw it away. In this way I had my mind occupied and saved Bill's life.

"Finally, fearing that Bill was dead, I touched him with my hoof and he awoke and sat up, but it was some time before he could stand. The cramped position in which he had lain, and his starved condition both benumbed and weakened him. At last he managed to get up, and, as the sand storm had abated somewhat, we left the sand dune and started across the plain, Bill leading and I following. I would have been glad to have carried him, but he knew too well that I could not.

"After we had gone a mile or so we ran onto a young deer which had been caught in the storm

and half buried alive. Bill's sheath knife soon finished the animal, and then he cut out a juicy steak and devoured it. When he offered me a piece I shook my head, for I never did like venison, but Bill insisted, and I ate about three pounds and felt better. Cutting off several steaks, Bill rolled them in his bandanna, and again we pushed on.

"All day we traveled, and at night, just as it began to get dark, Bill saw a light. We made straight for it, and soon Bill was resting in a sheep herder's hut, and I was sheltered in the stable.

"The next morning when we awoke the sun was shining and the fall birds were scooting through the air calling for their mates which had been blown away in the sand storm. All about the sheep herder's hut lay sheet after sheet of white and brown sand, but that was all—every sheep he owned had been buried, just as Bill would have been had I failed to do my duty."

A cowboy was coming across the valley. Poncho saw him and remarked: "That's Bill, now." A few minutes later Bill came up and was ready to start back to his ranch, a hundred miles away. "Poncho has told me the story of the sand

storm on the Laramie Plains," I said, by way of introduction. "Poncho's all right," was Bill's only reply.

A little later Poncho and Bill were fading out of sight, the cow pony bounding along at an even gallop, and Bill filling the air with a western cowboy song.

Wild Duck's Adventures

WILD DUCK HAD LIVED UP ON the Rawhide for a long, long time—just how long no one seems to know, but the cowboys say they saw him there among the reeds and rushes at least a dozen years ago. Wild Duck is a handsome big fellow, with pretty colored feathers and a breast of silver and gold. All the ducks and geese and the little sand-pipers, too, that live along the banks of the Rawhide know him and call him Grandpa.

It is one of the chief delights of Wild Duck to go on long journeys across the country, and it is said that he can fly as fast as an express train can travel. In the late fall he often makes a trip to the swamps that lie west of Galveston, along the Gulf of Mexico, where hundreds and hundreds of other ducks pass a portion of the winter every year. On one of these trips Wild Duck saw a flock of tame ducks paddling about in a pool of

water near Hiawatha, on the banks of the Nemaha, a day's flight from the Big Forks of the Rawhide. Wild Duck was hungry, as he had neglected to bring his lunch, and he tilted his wings first this way and then that way, and down he came, plump into the pond.

"Quack, quack, quack," said Wild Duck, as his breast touched the water. "Quack, quack, quack," replied one of the tame ducks, and Wild Duck knew at once that he had fallen into good company. "Where on earth did you come from?" asked one of the tame ducks, who, by the way, was known in his flock as Jimmy Drake. "I came from way up north," replied Wild Duck, "and I am so hungry that I couldn't go any farther. That's how I happened to make you this call."

Jimmy Drake was one of those wholesouled creatures, just like so many little boys and girls, who take delight in doing something for others. He saw at a glance the tired look in Wild Duck's eyes, and taking him under his charge led him up the bank of the pond, across the barnyard, and out near the osage fence, to a great crib of golden-eared Kansas corn. "My, but that looks fine," said Wild Duck, "almost as fine as if grown up

in the Elkhorn Valley." "Guess you don't grow corn like that in Nebraska, do you?" inquired Jimmy Drake. "At least I have heard Snow Goose and Sand Piper both say so, and they ought to know, for they live up north, and every year they pass by here on their way to the South."

Wild Duck was too hungry to enter into a discussion of the merits of the Elkhorn valley corn, so he began to pluck the kernels from an ear that stuck out of the crib. While he was thus employed a Farmer Boy came out to get corn for the horses. He peeked around the corner, and, seeing Wild Duck gorging himself, decided to capture him. Running back to the barn a fish dip-net was secured, and before Wild Duck knew what was up he was floundering in the meshes.

"Oh!" cried the Farmer Boy, "I have captured a wild duck."

"Don't kill me, please," pleaded Wild Duck. "I have done you no harm, and if you will let me out of this net I will fly away as fast as my wings will carry me."

"Not so fast, my pretty bird," replied the Farmer Boy; "I have been trying to catch a wild duck like you, and now that I have done so I am

not foolish enough to let you go. Hereafter you will live with me."

"Then you won't kill me?" inquired Wild Duck.

"No, I won't hurt you," replied the Farmer Boy. "That is, if you don't try to get away."

The Farmer Boy then took Wild Duck out of the net and clipped the tips of his pretty wings, so he could not fly. Then he fastened him up in a hen coop so that he might get acquainted with the surroundings before he let him go out to paddle with the tame ducks.

For ten days or more Wild Duck remained in the hen coop, and each morning Jimmy Drake would come and cheer him up, and tell him of the good times they were to have when Wild Duck had been liberated from his temporary prison.

These visits did Wild Duck a world of good; but as soon as Jimmy Drake had gone, there would come over the stranger from the Rawhide a feeling such as little boys and girls experience when they are away from their parents for the first time and night comes on. Wild Duck had never felt that way before, but he soon learned that he was homesick.

Poor Wild Duck. How he longed to get out of the hen coop and skim through the air—no matter in what direction, just so he could get away. Little did he know that he could not fly if let out. That was a blow yet to come to be added to his other grief, and happy it was that he did not know, or he might have died in his prison of a broken heart.

One morning the Farmer Boy came to the hen coop and let Wild Duck out. As the fresh breeze ruffled his feathers the bird brightened, and taking a farewell look, as he believed, at his late home, he said, rather saucily: "I think I will be going." "Going where?" echoed the Farmer Boy. Wild Duck did not reply, but cupping his wings he made a plunge upward—only to fall back to the ground. "What are you trying to do?" asked the Farmer Boy. "To fly away," replied Wild Duck. "But your wings are clipped, and you can't," explained the boy.

At first Wild Duck could not understand what had happened. He knew his pretty wings had been cut off at the ends, but he had never suspected that this would have anything to do with his flying. Again and again he tried to rise in the air, but each time he fell back with a thud

that racked his body. All at once the full import of his position dawned on him and he ran back in the hen coop, and tucking his head under his wing, so the Farmer Boy could not see him cry, he shed tears which he felt were justified.

The Farmer Boy then went down to the pond and drove Jimmy Drake and the other tame ducks up to the hen coop, but for a long time Wild Duck would not come out. At last he did so, and when Jimmy Drake and his friends went back to the pond, Wild Duck went along.

All that day the ducks swam about in the water, and by night Wild Duck had begun to feel better. At dark the tame ducks waded out and started toward the barn. "Where are you going?" asked Wild Duck. "To the barn to sleep in the straw," replied Jimmy Drake; "and we want you to come with us." "But I always spend the night in the water," replied Wild Duck, and no amount of coaxing would induce him to leave the pond.

It was past midnight, and Wild Duck had just gotten out on the bank to look for worms, when, without any warning, a fox started from underneath a row of willows and all but caught him. As it was, a number of his brightest feathers were left in the mouth of the fox.

Swimming and diving to the middle of the pond, Wild Duck went as fast as he could, and then turning and looking back he saw a pair of great fiery eyes staring at him from the shadow of the bank. Several times the fox waded out in the water a little way, but Wild Duck knew that the fox was a poor swimmer, because he had seen other foxes up north, and he went "Quack, quack, quack," just to make the fox angry.

Finding that he could not catch Wild Duck in the water the fox tried a ruse, as foxes often do when luring their game to destruction. He would growl and snap at the bird and then glide away in the bright moonlight, intending to give Wild Duck the idea that he had gone for good. Then he would creep back from another direction to catch his prey, if the bird had left the water. But Wild Duck had not helped raise brood after brood of little wild ducks up in the rice swamps along the Rawhide and Lodge Pole for nothing, where the coyote roams about much as the fox does, and he stayed in the middle of the pond until the Farmer Boy came out in the early morning to feed his horses. The fox saw the Farmer Boy and scampered away over the hills, and Wild Duck lost no time in getting out and

hastening to the barn, where he found Jimmy Drake and the rest of the ducks fast asleep. Cuddling down among them Wild Duck vowed he would never again try to remain on the pond all night.

For a long time Wild Duck lived on the farm with Jimmy Drake and his friends. He had become as tame as any of the ducks, and had given up the idea of ever being able to fly. But his wings were growing all the time. The growth had been so gradual that he had not noticed it, and probably never would had he not overheard the Farmer Boy say, "Guess I'll have to clip Wild Duck's wings again, or he may take a notion to leave."

That night Wild Duck did not go to the barn with the other ducks. He remained out on the pond, and as soon as the moon had come up, so he could see in what direction to go, he flapped his wings a time or two to try their strength, and then he shot upward and took a course north.

A few days later Wild Duck was helping to build a nest for his mate in the reeds and rushes along the Rawhide.

Long Horn Loses His Temper

BLUE STEM GRASS MAY BE ALL right," said Long Horn, a Texas steer from the Panhandle territory, as he nibbled at a bunch and paused to talk to a Nebraska steer, "but to my way of thinking it does not come up to the mesquit bushes of the Lone Star State."

"Steers down there don't eat from trees, do they?" asked the Nebraskan.

"Eat from them! Well, I rather guess they do," replied Long Horn, "and what is more, they like it. I wouldn't give one mesquit bush for fifty miles of your grass up in this country."

The Nebraskan began to smile at the absurdity of the proposition, and it kindled the ire of the Texas steer to such an extent that he asked, stiffly, what he had said that should evoke mirth.

"Nothing particularly funny about what you said," explained the Nebraskan, "except that I have learned something that I never knew before."

"What is it?" asked Long Horn, with a contemptuous toss of his head.

"Oh, it isn't much," replied the Northerner, "except that I have found out why the necks of all Texas steers are so long. They become that way by stretching up after leaves on the top limbs."

From that day on, as long as the two steers remained on the range, Long Horn never again spoke to the Westerner.

"Old Monarch" Tells a Story

OLD MONARCH," WHO IS NOW passing his declining years at Riverview park, is said to be the largest buffalo in the world. He refuses to discuss his age, although it is known from what Buffalo Bill said, when he loaned him to Omaha, that he is a very old animal, and at the same time a very intelligent one.

Old Monarch had a mate once, but she died not long ago, and since then he has tramped back and forth in his yard like a caged lion. Occasionally he will pause and bellow as loud as he can, expecting an answering call.

One afternoon when a number of boys and girls called to see Old Monarch, after they had given him an armful of clover, he agreed to tell them the story of the first native cattle that ever grazed on the Nebraska prairies, providing one of the little girls would remove her hat, which was covered with bright red poppies. "I can't understand how it is," said Old Monarch, "but

as soon as I see a red object I lose my temper, and I really believe that I would some time do harm if I was not afraid of the keeper."

The little girl removed her hat, and after hiding it came back, and they all waited for the buffalo to begin.

"I think it was in 1860," began Old Monarch, as he scratched his head with one hind foot, while trying to recall the date, "that I saw the first native cattle that ever came west of Omaha. It was while the Creightons were building the 'Overland' telegraph line from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast. Cattle were used to haul the supplies, instead of horses, and lumbering big fellows they were. The first time I caught a glimpse of them was near Plum Hollow, but I was so far away that I could not see them plainly. I was a little buffalo calf then and did not know what fear was.

"I had just started down a draw to where the cattle had been turned out to graze, when I saw a man on an Indian pony coming toward me on a gallop. I saw he carried something bright in his hands, and occasionally he would stop and raise the object to his shoulder, and then a little puff of white smoke would come out, and a buz-

zing noise, like a bumble bee, would whiz by me. Finally he got pretty close, and just after another puff of smoke I felt a stinging sensation. In a moment it flashed through my mind that I had been shot, for I recalled hearing my grandmother tell of how she was wounded in the same manner by a Sioux Indian.

"As I gathered my thoughts I looked at my side and saw a red stream trickling down. Then I turned and ran for dear life, and by crossing a steep defile, and dodging behind some sand dunes, I threw the hunter off my track and got away.

"It is needless for me to say that I had a very sore spot for quite a while, but I was young and strong and eventually got well. It was while I was recovering from my experience with the hunter that I found more time than usual to study the cattle the Creightons had with them.

"One night while a number of them were grazing up a canon I went down to where they were and introduced myself. At first I could not understand a single word they said, but I soon began to note a similarity in their language and my own. For instance, when one of them would say 'Oo-oo-oo-oo,' I replied 'Oo-oo-oo-oo,' and

the sounds were almost identical. Well, the next night I went back and stayed until morning, and when I left I had learned several words. I kept up those visits for a week, at the end of which time I could talk pretty fair 'native steer.'

"You must not think that these midnight trips of mine were free from danger, because they were not. There was always a night herder, and if he had seen me I would not be here to tell this story.

"This is all that happened along in the summer months, and as the camp of the contractors was moved I made it a point to move with them, always keeping in the hills in the day time, for I was afraid another hunter would get a shot at me. Along in the fall, just after it had begun to get cold, and the grass was getting pretty dry, the Creightons saw they were running out of feed for their cattle, so they turned on the range about twenty great, big, strapping oxen to shift for themselves.

"The moment those oxen were thrown upon their own resources they lost courage, and one of them, 'Old Baldy' I think he was called, told me in confidence afterwards that he expected they would starve to death. Here was a chance

L. of C.

to show them that even a wild buffalo has a heart, so I rounded them all up and told them that if they would trust me I would take them to a canyon down on the Clearwater where there was plenty of grass the year around, and any amount of good water. 'Trust you,' replied Old Baldy; 'of course we will trust you. Take the lead and we will follow;' and they did. I took them to the Clearwater, where we found winter quarters.

"The next spring while we were out one day nipping the soft new grass we saw two horsemen coming over the divide, and in a moment they were rounding us up. 'Gracious, but those cattle are in fine shape,' said one of the men. 'Good enough for beef,' replied the other, and by that I knew it was about time I was getting out of there.

"The herders had ridden a long ways and decided to camp in the canyon until the next morning, when they were to start back with the cattle. That night I hunted up Old Baldy, and after telling him good-by, I quietly slipped away and started north, to where I knew I could find my own folks.

"No, I never saw any of those cattle again, but I heard Buffalo Bill tell a friend, years after-

ward, that the winter Creightons' cattle passed on the range and in the Clearwater canyon was the opening wedge for grazing on the western plains."

Bright's First Trip to Pike's Peak

LD STORIES ARE SOMETIMES like old wine; better for their age, providing they have not been tampered with. I recall a story that was told me, way back in the early sixties, by Bright, the handsomest ox I ever knew. My father was a freighter and hauled various things from the Missouri River up along the Platte, past Cottonwood and Julesburg, to Pike's Peak. Oxen were used in those days, and it generally took about four months to make the round trip. Attached to each monstrous wagon were generally from six to ten yoke of oxen, and when the wagons were all strung out in a row, they made a caravan nearly a mile in length.

The leaders for one of the outfits were "Bright" and "Buck," two matched roan steers, and the way they brought the other oxen into line, and made them take up the kink in their part of the chain, was a caution. Buck was gentle and good as Bright, but unlike his mate

he would never talk, unless to bellow for a drink of water, or to tell the wagon boss that his shoes were loose. Bright talked whenever he got an opportunity, and that is how he came to tell me of his first trip across the plains.

"I shall never forget my first trip to Pike's Peak," said Bright. "It was during the late summer of '59 when our outfit left the big storehouses down on the banks of the Missouri and started westward. The weather was fine and the grass all that any ox could ask for. The first day we did not go very far and camped that night on Turkey Creek, but next morning we were on the road at sunrise, and by dark had reached Salt Creek, where we had a good night's rest. The next day was a repetition of the former ones, and we were soon pushing our way far into the unknown country, where red men had roamed for ages, and watering places were a luxury.

"We passed along the almost unmarked trail unmolested, and forded the broad Platte, first at old Fort Kearney, and then farther up the river. I recall hearing one of the men say: 'Bill, if the Indians don't bother us, we will soon be in sight of Pike's Peak.' When I heard them say 'In-

dians' I was frightened almost to death, and whispered to Buck that if they came we should slip our yoke and take the back track as fast as we could go. Buck was willing to run on the slightest provocation, for his feet were getting sore and the drifting sand hurt his eyes.

"We saw no Indians that day or the next, but on the third day, just as some one called out, 'There's Pike's Peak, away to the southwest,' I looked, and what do you suppose I saw? 'Pike's Peak,' you will say. Yes, I saw the mountain, about 150 miles off, but I saw something else—what appeared to be a whole army of Indians on ponies coming down toward us on the dead run, yelling as if their throats would burst. 'Get ready to bolt,' I said to Buck, and I began to slacken up on the lead chain and work my neck back in the yoke. Closer and closer the Indians came, and every time they yelled I thought I should die. At last I could stand it no longer, and I said, so low that the driver could not hear me: 'Buck, now's our time;' and I backed up and gave the yoke a forward jerk, expecting to be free. Buck did the same thing, and then we both turned and looked at each other like a couple of simpletons—we had forgotten our horns and the yoke would not come off.

"And that was not the worst of it. Our driver, seeing us hanging back, uncoiled his long bull whip, and at a distance of at least twenty feet, slit my 'off' ear as effectually as if a knife had gone through it."

"But what about the Indians?" I asked.

"The Indians were not hostile," resumed Bright. "They were a lot of Pawnees, and had made the noise and raced their horses merely for sport. What they wanted was sugar, flour and coffee, a quantity of which they got in exchange for buffalo robes, dried buffalo meat and beaver skins.

"In time we got to Denver, which was then called Pike's Peak back in the states, and unloaded, and two weeks later were on our journey home. There was some freight to bring back, but not nearly as much as was taken out, so we made good time. When near Julesburg it began to get colder and snow a little. I guess your father knew what was coming, for that night I heard him say: 'Boys, it looks to me like a blizzard. Round up the wagons in a circle and put the cattle on the inside, or they may stray away.' The wagons were placed end to end, from right to left, until no opening was left, except where

the cattle were driven in. By this time the air was full of flying ice and snow and soon the storm broke furiously.

"There was but little feed, and we were all put on half rations. Many an ox went to bed hungry that night. I remember that Buck cried until he fell asleep, because he had such an empty feeling in his stomach."

"Did it snow much?" I asked.

"Did it snow much?" replied Bright. "I should say that it did. It just roared and stormed, and kept it up for eleven days, by the end of which time several of the best oxen in the bunch had died—frozen to death or starved, I don't know which.

"But how did the men stand the blizzard?"

"Every man in the crowd had his ears and toes frozen," replied Bright; "and they all would have frozen to death if they had not chopped up ox yokes and wagons to make fires. There was no wood for miles and miles, and all they could get to burn was green willows which grew along the banks of the Platte. It was the ox yokes and wagons that saved their lives.

"The night of the eleventh day of the storm the wind went down and it cleared off. The

morning of the twelfth it turned warmer, and the men began to talk of resuming their trip. It was two days later, however, before we got off and came on home. You know what shape the entire outfit was in."

Old Bright has been dead many years, yet his story, told me so long ago, seems no farther off than yesterday.

Nipper Fools His Grandmother

OLD GRANDMOTHER BEAR HAD been living alone up on the Big Pappio for several years—in fact, ever since her daughter, Tootsey, fell in love with a wandering musician, married him and with him left the country. Tootsey was a brown bear and the musician a cinnamon bear, but she loved him just the same. And at last, one day, Tootsey returned and brought with her four little bears, Nipper, Judge, Buttons and Sissy, and Grandmother lived alone no longer.

Grandma Bear had just finished the week's washing and was hanging the clothes out on a bunch of wild gooseberry bushes to dry that day when she heard a noise on the opposite side of the Big Pappio. She listened and heard a voice say: "I'm sure your grandmother lives in this bend of the creek, but I can't find a way to get across to the other side."

In a moment Grandma Bear knew it was Tootsey, and she started through the brush to the

place from which the voices came, smoothing down her hair as she hurried along. As she neared the bank of the stream she espied her daughter with four of the cutest little bears she had ever seen.

"That's you, isn't it, Tootsey?" called Grandma Bear. "Yes, it is I, mother," replied Tootsey, "and we have come to stay a long time and visit you." "I'm so glad," replied grandma. "Hurry over, as I have a nice fat badger on the fire boiling for my dinner, and will willingly share it with you." "But how are we to get across?" inquired Tootsey. "I'm afraid the children will drown if we try to swim." "Excuse me," explained Grandma Bear, "I forgot that you do not know where the bridge is. Take the children up the stream about a quarter of a mile and you will come to a big elm tree. Climb that tree and go out on the second limb, over the water, and there you will find a grape vine. Climb down the vine and you will be on this side of the Big Pappio."

Tootsey and the children soon found the tree and all of them had gotten across safely except Nipper, when the vine broke, just as Judge swung clear of it, and there was Nipper out on the limb, with no way of following his mother.

Nipper was a brave little bear, having been raised in the mountains, and he told his mother to take Judge, Buttons and Sissy and go to Grandma Bear's cave and tell her of what had happened and ask her advice.

Tootsey and the children soon found Grandma Bear's home, and after being kissed and hugged, as only bears know how to hug, Tootsey told her mother of the sad plight of Nipper. "Thought I missed one," said Grandma, "but you have so many children, Tootsey, that I wasn't sure and so didn't say anything about it." "But how can we get Nipper across?" asked Tootsey. "The only way I know of is to build a raft," replied Grandma Bear, "unless he goes up the Big Pappio for about seven miles, where there is a log that he can come over on."

It was getting late in the afternoon, and fearing that Nipper might get lost, his mother decided that they had better make a raft, which they did, from old dry willow poles, and in the course of time Nipper was being welcomed by his Grandma.

That night Tootsey and her mother sat up late and talked of old days, while the children cuddled down in one corner of the cave, which was Grandma Bear's home, and slept.

Tootsey had just finished telling her mother about how her lamented husband, the handsome cinnamon bear, had tried to chew up a stick of dynamite, which he found in an old mine, and succeeded to such an extent that nothing but a jack-knife, which he always carried, was ever found of him, when Nipper began to sneeze. He didn't sneeze just once and stop, but kept it up. "I'm sure that Nipper has taken his death of cold," Tootsey said to her mother. "He sat up on that limb nearly two hours while we were building the raft and didn't have a single thing around him, poor child."

"Don't worry, Tootsey," replied Grandma Bear. "Nipper is all right." "Then why on earth doesn't he stop sneezing, so a fellow can sleep?" asked Buttons. "I am tired and can't even think of sleeping, let alone going to sleep."

Again several sharp "ker-chews" came from Nipper, followed by a cough, and then another "ker-chew."

"That settles it," said Tootsey excitedly, as she jumped up and began to poke the fire to make the cave lighter. "Nipper has the hay fever and I know it, and the sooner we get a doctor the better."

"The nearest doctor lives four miles away," explained Grandma Bear, "but I have some of Dr. Ram's Elixir of Walnut Hulls which he gave me for the toothache. We might try that on him."

"Get it quick," replied Tootsey, and she hurried over to Nipper just as he went "ker-chew" four or five times.

The elixir was brought and Nipper was told to get ready to take it. "I don't want any of that nasty stuff," insisted the little bear. "Take it back to Doctor Ram and tell him to take it himself." "But you must take it, dear," replied his mother, "or you will die, and then what will mamma do without Nipper?"

But Nipper still objected, and when he saw his grandmother coming with a big wooden spoon, that held about a teacupful, he rebelled more openly than before.

In vain did Grandma Bear and Tootsey try to get Nipper to take the medicine. All he would do was to go "ker-chew," until a happy thought struck him, and he said he would take it if Buttons, Judge, Sissy and his grandmother would take some first. Buttons objected with a growl, Judge said that Nipper could die a dozen times

before he would take a drop, and Sissy began to cry as loud as she could. Grandma Bear was making awful faces at the idea of taking a dose of the medicine, but seeing that Nipper must be cared for, or he might die, she at last set an example by taking the first dose. Sissy, like the dear little heart she was, stopped her crying and told her grandmother to give her the medicine, and a moment later she, too, had taken a dose. It was Judge's turn next, and, although he raised all the objections possible, he finally had to give in, and the third spoonful disappeared. "Now, Buttons, it is your turn," said grandma, but Buttons only growled and would not make a move toward where his grandma stood with the big spoon in her paw until Tootsey picked up a switch and started in his direction. Then he gave up and down went the medicine.

In the meantime Nipper was sneezing with all his might. He did his best to stop, but it was no use, for the harder he tried to keep from it, the more he would "ker-chew." It was now his turn, sure, and as his grandmother approached for the second time, spoon in hand, she said, "Now, Nipper, darling, this is for you." As she said this, Nipper began to smile. Then he burst into a

hearty laugh. "What on earth are you laughing at?" asked Grandma Bear. "Nothing much," replied Nipper. "You are on the brink of death, child, and should not laugh. You may die," explained his grandmother; but Nipper continued to laugh and laugh, even forgetting to sneeze. Turning to Tootsey, Grandma Bear said: "Daughter, come here and make Nipper tell what he is laughing at." Before his mother could get to his side Nipper broke out in another hearty laugh, and as he did so pointed at the bottle Grandma Bear held in her paw.

"What do you mean, Nipper?" asked his mother, fearing that her little one had gone mad. Nipper continued to point one of his paws at the bottle, and his grandmother finally did look. Then she, too, began to laugh—the bottle was empty. Grandma and the other little bears had taken it all.

No, Nipper did not die. The next morning he was as well as ever; and since that time whenever any of Tootsey's children are sick, she tells them funny stories to make them laugh, instead of giving them nasty medicine.

Short Horn Gets Information

SEVERAL THOUSAND CATTLE, OF all sizes, colors and ages, were moving about in the pens of the big stock market at South Omaha one morning, when a Steer from the plains and a Short Horn from the farm met for the first time. The Westerner was long and somewhat lank, while the Short Horn was stout and chunky. One had been raised on the prairies, while the other had never been off the section of land where he was born until he came to the market, together with a number of his fellows. The Westerner eyed the rural steer with a glance akin to contempt, and the steer from the farm said to himself: "That steer from the range hasn't a pound of porterhouse on his body."

A yardman came and turned on the water in a long trough that extended the length of the pen, and soon the cattle were crowding each other in an effort to get a drink. As it happened the steer from the West and the one from the

farm stood side by side and drank their fill. As the Short Horn pushed back to get out of the crush he turned to the Westerner and said: "That water tastes like home." "It doesn't to me," replied the Westerner, "for I have been used to alkali water, which makes this appear a little too smooth."

The Short Horn couldn't understand why any sane steer should object to pure Missouri river water, but being a seeker after knowledge he fell in with the views of his neighbor and said: "Yes, it does appear to be rather smooth, and it strikes the spot, and that is all that a steer can ask for."

The two steers, as if by mutual consent, went over to one end of the pen and began to look through the cracks. Finally the Short Horn asked abruptly: "What part of the country did you come from?"

"From out on the Laramie plains," replied the Westerner, "and after getting the jolting that I did on the trip down, I wish I had never started. I am so lame in my back that I can hardly stand up, and even my feet are sore. I am not used to being cooped up."

"I have heard that the steers out on the range have all the room they want and can go where

they please," replied the Short Horn, with a view of inducing the stranger to tell him something of interest about western life.

The western steer was proud of the rolling plains, the grassy valleys, and blue sky, and it was no difficult task to engage him in conversation on the subject. He began by saying: "You cattle down in this part of the country don't know what life is. In fact you have never really lived—that is, never seen life at its best. It is true that I am only a three-year-old, but during that short space of time I have roamed over hundreds and hundreds of miles of the fairest country that the sun ever shone upon. While doing this I have eaten of the most succulent grasses and herbs imaginable, and have been branded twice."

"What do you mean by being branded?" asked the Short Horn.

"Well, well, you never heard of a brand. If you had been in my place you would know all about it, and I'll warrant you that you would have shed gallons of tears."

"Tell me about it," insisted the Short Horn.

"Do you see those queer shaped letters and characters on my hips? Well, those were made

by two different kinds of branding irons. When I was a little calf my first owner put his brand upon me with a red hot iron, which burned all the hair away and left a scar. When I was a two-year-old I changed owners and was branded again. I guess the next mark will be when the 'executioner' taps me on the forehead with his hammer, just before sending me to the department where I will be relieved of my hide and sent to the cooling room to be chilled for market."

"Bless my heart," exclaimed the Short Horn; "you certainly take a gloomy view of your future. Surely no one intends to kill you, do they?"

"You just wait and see. And, by the way, I would advise you to begin to prepare for the same road."

"But I am a Short Horn," replied the product of the rural district, "and they would not kill me for beef. I am too fine blooded."

It was seen, however, that the Short Horn was getting uneasy, and catching sight of the big packing house not far away, sending aloft great puffs of black, sooty substance, he asked: "Can you tell me what that is?"

"Yes, that is the smoke which comes from one of the packing establishments located here, at one of which you and I will meet our death. I knew what was coming before I left home and bade my friends and relatives good-by, but I suppose that you thought you were merely coming down here on a pleasure trip."

"I certainly did," replied the Short Horn; "but perhaps you are right. Now that I recall it, I overheard a strange man say to my owner the day before I was loaded on the cars that 'Short Horns make good beef.' Oh, my, my, and to think that I never said good-by to any one," and the steer began to sob gently and chew his cud, accompanying the movement of his jaws with violent shakings of the head.

"No use in worrying over things that can't be helped," consolingly said the Westerner. "We are both destined to travel the same road, and before another sun comes up, to smooth out the wrinkles of night, you and I will cease to be live steers, and our rumps, roasts, steaks and soup bones will be on their way to market."

Just then a "buyer" and a "seller" entered the pen, and after a few words the buyer said: "Bill, I'll take the bunch. Weigh them up to me."

Hunting the Water Hole

A TRAIN LOAD OF CATTLE WERE on their way in from the Deer Creek range to be sold on the market at Omaha. In one of the cars was Lanky Abe, a steer known to all the other cattle from Deer Creek to Casper, for his odd ways and prolific fund of information. It was said, in fact, that no steer ever bred in Wyoming could tell so many stories, and such droll ones, as Lanky Abe, and in consequence he was a general favorite.

The town of Glen Rock had been passed and the long train was entering the valley of the La Bonte, when Abe looked out between the slats of his car and said: "Boys, that water over there makes me thirsty." "You are always thirsty, aren't you?" inquired a steer at the end of the car. "I guess that's true," replied Lanky Abe, "and I have a right to be. I inherited a thirst from my grandmother."

All of the steers bellowed with merriment, but

Abe did not mind. Finally one of the steers said: "Abe, suppose you tell us about your grandmother, and why you are always dry." "All right," replied Abe; "I'll tell you a true story, and perhaps it will be the last one, for at the rate we are bowling along I think we'll soon be where they turn live steers into beefsteak in short order.

"When my grandmother, on my mother's side, was a little heifer about a year old she ranged on a strip of country known as the Snake River Desert—not exactly out on the desert, but on the plains at the side. With her were thousands of other cattle that had been brought from all portions of the West, and, if I am not mistaken, some of them had been driven from Texas. The country was beautiful. Off to the north and a little west ran the Lost River Mountains, to the south of which was the Little Lost River, and, still farther south, the Big Lost River. Along those streams the grass grew sweet and juicy, and my grandmother said no better grazing country ever lay out doors.

"I think it was in the summer of '74 when the two rivers went dry. The water had been getting lower and lower daily, and finally one morn-

ing, when the cattle went down to get a drink, there was not a drop in sight. There were no cowboys with the cattle, and, as they had to look out for themselves, it was soon apparent to the older cattle that they must either find water in a short time, or die. In the herd was an old bull who had lived in that locality for a good many years, and he told the cattle that if they would follow him he would take them to a water hole. They all started, my grandmother with the rest. How far they had gone they had no means of telling, but along in the afternoon the old bull stopped, snorted, pawed the sand a few times to show his displeasure, and said: 'I'm an old fool. I have not only lost myself in the Snake River Desert, but all the rest of you are lost, and I alone am to blame.' 'I hope it isn't far to the water hole,' ventured my grandmother. 'Little calves like you are to be seen and not heard,' savagely replied the old bull.

"In all directions there was nothing but a waste of sand and alkali-blistered earth. Here and there were a few scrubby cacti and scattering sage brush strung out toward the great Saw Tooth mountains, that loomed up on the horizon far to the west, but there was not a blade of grass nor a drop of water for leagues and leagues.

"At last the old bull remembered Mud Lake, which is not far from the Snake River, a long distance to the south and east, and he proposed going there.

"It was the only thing to be done, and the herd started, and by sundown had traveled many miles. That night they rested and were up early the next morning and on their way to Mud Lake. By noon the hot sun had caused many to drop exhausted, but the old bull still kept the lead. Once or twice my grandmother had to lie down and rest, but before the herd was out of sight she would get up and follow. Night came for the second time on the desert, and many of the herd had perished of hunger and thirst. 'We mustn't stop until we get to Mud Lake,' said the old bull, and he pushed on and the cattle with him.

"It was long after nightfall and the herd was coming up out of a little valley when all at once the old bull stopped and snorted. Every beast stopped, too. Softly stealing through the air came the scent of water. The old bull thought at first that he was mistaken, but now he was sure that Mud Lake lay not far off. 'Come,' was all he said, and in a moment all the cattle were

racing pell mell over the sand and were soon quenching their thirst from the lake. My grandmother was so weak that she could hardly walk, yet in time she got to the water and drank and drank until it seemed that she would burst.

"At last the cattle had their fill, and they took time to turn and look about them, and what do you suppose was standing right by the side of my grandmother, lapping up the water as eagerly as she? Nothing more nor less than a mountain lion! Then she looked up along the bank of the lake and out in the water and saw other lions, bears, coyotes, deer, elk and many other wild animals that had been driven out of the Lost River mountains for lack of water, yet there was not a single growl uttered—the awful experience that they had passed through had burned out their wildness and savage passions and, for the time, they were as gentle and harmless as we."

"How long did the cattle stay at Mud Lake?" asked a steer from Pocatello.

"Only a few days," replied Lanky Abe. "A heavy rain storm came up and drenched the earth all over the range, even extending out on the Snake River Desert. When it ceased cowboys ar-

rived on a hunt for the cattle, and they were taken to another range. My grandmother never forgot her trip across the desert, and, strange as it may seem, not one of her descendants has ever been able to drink all the water they wanted."

How the Maverick Came to Reform

THREE OLD COWS WERE LYING on the sunny side of a little knoll, up near North Platte, one afternoon, telling stories of round-ups in which they had taken part, when one of them happened to remark something about a Maverick. In a moment a little calf who was playing near by pricked up his ears and said: "Please tell me what a Maverick is."

All three of the old cows laughed heartily at the simplicity of the youngster, but the calf, not seeing the joke, asked to be enlightened.

The oldest cow in the bunch was known as Roan, and to her lot fell the task of enlightenment.

"A Maverick," began old Roan, "is nothing more or less than you will be if you don't mend your ways."

"But I am all right," insisted the little calf. "I go wherever I please, and do no harm."

"That is just why you are drifting into Maver-

ickdom," continued the old cow. "You go from one place to another across the prairie, and some of these fine days a cowboy will come along and rope you, or catch you napping and throw you down and put his branding iron on you."

"But supposing I do not belong to him? I belong to the Bar-L ranch, you know, and all the cowboys up there like me so well that they would not hurt me."

"You belong to the Bar-L ranch now," explained Old Roan, "but if one of the X-Y-Z outfit ever gets hold of you he will leave a mark on your hide that will cause you to change ownership."

"But why should he do that?" asked the calf.

"Because you are a Maverick—just a plain, simple Maverick. You go romping about over the country, disobeying all orders about not going off the Bar-L range, and one of these fine days you will see where you will end."

"Were you ever a Maverick," asked the calf, addressing Old Roan.

"No, I was never a Maverick myself, but I have seen several in my life. For instance, Aunt Bess, here by my side, was one when she was young."

"Tell me about it," said the little calf, as he

came closer. "Does it hurt to be a Maverick, and is the branding iron very hot?"

"Hot? I should say it was," replied Aunt Bess, as she shifted her cud and cleared her throat. "It is hotter than anything I could tell you about, and if you don't expect to feel its sting by much ruder hands than the cowboys of the Bar-L ranch have, you had better stay nearer home."

"But how did you come to be a Maverick?" inquired the calf.

"I was young and foolish, just as you are," replied Aunt Bess; "and one day I ran away from home. I had been raised up on the J-U-J ranch, north of Sidney, and wanted to see more of the world than I was able to there. It was early in the morning when I slipped out of the herd, and without saying a word to any one I started north. After I had gone perhaps ten miles I missed my way in the sand-hills, and by night I was lost among the dunes, thirty miles to the northwest. I remember that I was awfully thirsty and my feet were sore, but I was unable to go back, for I did not know the way. So I lay down and slept until morning.

"At daybreak I was awake, and much to my

delight saw a bunch of cattle feeding down in the valley. I went to where they were and asked for water, which an old bull, who appeared to be on guard, pointed out to me, half a mile up the draw. After I had quenched my thirst I began to eat, and soon felt better. Then I lay down and rested until noon.

"In the afternoon I went back to the cattle and told them I wanted to join their ranks—that I had run away from home and didn't propose to go back until I was able to do so without getting lost. 'All right,' replied the old bull; 'You can stay as long as you like, but be careful and don't try to get any of my calves to run away with you, or there will be trouble.'

"For ten days I was as happy as a young calf could be and had begun to feel at home, when one evening I saw a covered wagon drawn by a pair of horses, and several cowboys on bronchos, halt near us and go into camp. 'What are those men doing there?' I asked of a young steer of my acquaintance. 'Just wait and see,' he replied, and that was all the explanation I got.

"Early next morning the cowboys began to ride around among us and separate the cows and calves from the steers and cows that had no

calves with them. Of course I was taken with the other calves, and what do you suppose they did to us?"

"I can't imagine," replied the little calf, with wide-open eyes.

"They caught me, and before I knew it I had a red-hot branding iron slapped on my side, and it wasn't the J-U-J brand either. As one of the cowboys took his knee off my neck to let me get up, I heard him say: 'Tom, this is a fine Maverick.' "

As the old cow ceased speaking the little calf said: "Aunt Bess, I thank you for telling me what a Maverick really is, and you can be sure that if I ever leave the Bar-L ranch again it will be through no fault of mine."

Reunion of Steers on the Rawhide

THERE WAS A REUNION OF WESTern cattle in a pretty canyon upon the Rawhide, and Old Jolly, a battle-scarred steer, was selected as orator. Old Jolly had long desired to deliver the annual address at these gatherings, which the steers held once a year, and now that he had really been chosen by the committee, he felt as proud as any western steer could.

Old Jolly was not to share all of the honors of the occasion, however, for there was a reception committee that occupied a portion of the platform that the steers had made out of loose stones, that lay plentifully on the hillside. To the right of the orator was a steer from the Blue Bell range; at the rear of the platform was one from the Big Pappio district, and to the left sat Dick, a savage looking old fellow who had long been known as the leader of his set—and it was a rather fast one—from Brady's Island. Then there were several other steers on the commit-

tee, but where they came from is of no consequence.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon Dick walked to the front of the platform, and said: "Fellow steers, as you will soon see, you are to be addressed on this occasion by Old Jolly, who has been selected for the same reason that I once heard a young woman give for marrying the man she did—to get rid of him. You all know Old Jolly, and I ask you on the part of the committee, of which I have the honor to be chairman, to give him your attention," and Chairman Dick took his seat and wiped the perspiration from his face with the fuzzy end of his tail.

Old Jolly had been studying his speech for two weeks and had gone over it out in the sand hills until he knew it by heart. He had even arranged points where he expected bellows of applause. But talking to himself and talking to a whole herd of steers, many of whom were strangers to him, he found to be two different things, and he trembled violently when he arose to his feet.

"We are waiting for you," said Chairman Dick.

"I'm coming," replied Old Jolly, his lips quiv-

ering and his knees knocking together as if he had an attack of ague.

A whole minute passed, and still the orator was dumb.

Thinking to give him a start, and at the same time mortified that he had helped select a speaker who should be attacked by stage fright, the steer from the Big Pappio gave Old Jolly a prod with one of his horns that caused him to rear up in the air. As his front hoofs again touched the platform all of the steers began to laugh. This enraged Old Jolly and he turned and charged directly at Dick, thinking it was he that had assaulted him. Dick met the onslaught, as he had many another, and in a moment there was a battle royal, with every steer present engaged.

An hour later, when a hunter came up the canyon, trailing a deer, he saw the steers on their way home—all except Old Jolly and Dick. They lay side by side, with their horns entwined—enemies in death, as they had been rivals in life.

That was the last annual gathering that western steers ever held on the Rawhide.

Misfortunes of Jenks

JUST HOW LONG JENKS HAD been on the range no one appeared to know. Some of the cowboys said they had know him, either by sight or reputation, for seven years, and Jim MacReynolds, the tall Scotchman from the Cross Bar ranch, near Bordeaux, claimed that he had become acquainted with Jenks just ten years before, and that he was then a full grown steer.

It did not matter, however, to Jenks what the cowboys said of him. All he was interested in was living as long as possible. But Jenks' days were numbered and he was now on his way to market to be sold and turned into beef. That is how he came to be waiting at the shipping yards at Chadron, with a lot of other cattle.

Jenks had been sulky ever since he was rounded up and brought in off the range. He realized keenly that he had played his last game of deception and stood a good chance of going where so many of his acquaintances had gone.

A freight train from the West was expected at midnight, and while the cattle rested and waited to be loaded Jenks told the story of his life and how he managed to prolong it. "I don't know exactly where I was born," began Jenks, in reply to a question from a little spotted steer, with bench legs and a stubby nose, "and it doesn't matter. It might have been in Texas, and it might have been up in Idaho or Montana; or perhaps I never was born at all, but just growed."

"But you are certainly here now, aren't you?" queried a dark brown steer, with one horn in the bone-yard.

"Yes, I am here now," answered Jenks; "but where will I be ten days from now? That's what's worrying me."

"I guess you will get through, somehow," said Old Brindle, who had been fattened up for the market. "You always have before, at any rate."

Jenks made no reply, but continued: "The first important event in my life happened when I was a little calf about three months old. I lived on a ranch near Fall River Falls, not far from Hot Springs, South Dakota, where there were a great many other calves and a good many young cows

and young steers. One day while I was wading in the water a queer shaped animal, which I learned afterwards was a water witch, came up out of the river and said she would tell my fortune if I would get her a bunch of green grass. Green grass up that way is not so plentiful as in some other sections of the country, as some of you know, and it is hard to find any long enough to be pulled up and carried for a distance. However, I knew of a small canyon down the river a mile or so, where I had seen quite a bit growing, and I decided to go after it. The queer animal advised me to hurry, and I started. In two hours I returned, but could see nothing of the water witch. I had just began to eat the grass myself when the water parted right in front of me, and there was the witch. 'Jenks, you are foolish,' she said. 'I can give you information that will be worth a great deal more to you than a little green grass.' 'Forgive me,' I replied; 'I thought you had gone,' and for the first time I took a good look at her. She had a head like that of an ordinary cow, except that there was but one horn, located directly in the forehead. The neck was also like a cow's, but from the shoulders to the tip of her tail she was a fish,

except that she had four wings, which folded up in little pockets when she was swimming about.

"After the witch had eaten the grass, I said to her, 'Now tell my fortune.' 'All right,' she replied. 'In the first place there is a look in your eyes that bodes no profit to your owner; and your bones are not the right shape. You have teeth like an alligator. You are what is known as a scrub, and while this does not please your master it may be the means of preserving your life for a number of years if you will follow my advice.' I assured her I was ready to do whatever she might bid me.

" 'As I said a little while ago,' continued the water witch, 'you are not of good blood—in fact you are what the boys on the range call a "worthless critter," yet you can be made profitable if you grow and take on flesh. Your appetite, I see by the lines in your face, is a healthy one, and may lead to your ruin if you don't learn to curb it. I also see by the streaks in your eyes that you have an abnormal cud, which, if trained properly, would sustain you for five or six weeks without food. All that you would require is water. You are too young to know what a round-up is, yet this will all come to you in good

time. What you want to do is to learn to prepare for the round-up, and escape.

" 'It will be some time,' continued the witch, 'before you are in danger of being shipped to market, but you had better begin practicing. A round-up is held twice each year—fall and spring. Keep your ears open and you will hear the older cattle talking of it weeks before it takes place. Whenever you hear talk of this kind gradually stop eating and begin chewing your cud. This will cause you to grow thinner and thinner, and by the time the cowboys arrive you will be so scrawny that you will be let alone, except that you may have a branding iron placed on you. Now this is about all there is to say,' concluded the water witch, 'except to add that if you will practice what I have told you it will be a long time before your carcass makes its appearance on the chopping block.' "

The long, loud whistle of an approaching train, on its way in from Cheyenne, attracted the attention of Jenks and his companions, and they thought for a moment that the time for their shipment had come. The train came and passed by, however, and the cattle remained in the yard.

"As I was about to say when that engine

whistled," resumed Jenks, "I began at once to practice what the water witch told me to, and by the time I was a little over a year old I could live six weeks with nothing to sustain me but water. When I was about two years old I heard a cowboy say, 'That critter ought to be killed to make room for one that will fatten.' 'I will trade him off,' remarked another man, and he did. Two weeks later I was on a ranch near Casper.

"Well, to make a long story short, I changed from one range to another for I can't tell you how long, until I finally wound up down here with a bunch of you B-K-X fellows, and you know the rest."

"But why didn't you try your scheme here?" asked a big fourteen-hundred-pound steer, as he got up to stretch his legs.

"I did, but it wouldn't work," replied Jenks. "I guess they got onto me, and I now see my end as plainly as if it were written in letters as large as a wagon bow."

"What do you mean?" asked the fat steer of the party.

"I had a dream," replied Jenks; "and that settled it for me."

"Tell us the dream," insisted several steers in chorus.

"Perhaps you had eaten something that didn't agree with you," ventured a young steer, who was occasionally troubled with indigestion after he had filled his stomach too full of alkali water.

"No, it couldn't have been that," explained Jenks; "because I had not eaten a mouthful for over a month.

"But I was going to tell you about the dream. I dreamed I was flying through the air swifter than the wind, when all at once I heard my name called. I got up and looked around, but could see no living thing near me. I lay down to go to sleep at last, but as soon as I got drowsy my name was called again. This continued, at intervals, for several hours, it seemed to me, but perhaps it was only for a short space of time, and at last I slept soundly, and as I slept there stood before me the old water witch that had taught me to beat the round-up.

" 'Take a seat on the sand,' I tried to say, but the strange figure seemingly did not hear me. She beat the air a time or two with her wings and then said: 'Jenks, all things must have an end. Mine came, and yours is nigh. You have

been a faithful pupil, but advanced ideas have been your undoing. It has been learned that it never pays to keep on the range a steer that won't take on flesh within a reasonable time. You know whether this affects you or not. Good-by,' and in an instant I was left alone—wide awake as I am now, and yet I could hardly—"

Jenks never finished his sentence. The time for loading the cattle had come, and as the switch engine began to push the empty cars down the siding the congested condition of the yard became less and less apparent, until finally it was empty—that is, save for one black figure that lay up against the side of the fence. One of the loading crew walked over and gave the object a prod with his loading pole and said: "Get up, you rascal," but the object in the corner did not move. "Oh, Bud," called the man, "here's a dead steer."

A lighted lantern was brought out, and, as it flashed its rays on the still form, Bud said: "The last steer on earth that I would have expected to die. He must have been frightened to death."

And he had been. It was Jenks.

On the North Fork of the Platte

MOVE OVER, DAN, AND DON'T TRY to take up all the room there is, or when Rattler comes back he will not be able to get into the hole."

"Move over yourself," replied Dan, and to show that he meant what he said he gave his chum a pinch with his sharp teeth that brought a cry of pain.

Dan was one chubby little prairie dog and Billy was the other. They lived together in a big snake hole, as is the habit of prairie dogs on the western plains, and had as their companion, Rattler, the largest snake on the divide—a monster that boasted of seventeen rattles and a button on the tip of his tail.

Dan and Billy had come over from the Belle Fourche range the year before and "squatted" in the home of Rattler, and that is how they came to be known all up and down the North Fork of the Platte as "Rattler's Kids."

Rattler had been away all day, they supposed,

for he was getting ready to go on a hunt when they left at sunrise on a visit up the valley. They had expected to find him in the hole when they got back.

"I can't see what on earth is keeping Rattler," said Billy, as he returned for the twentieth time from the mouth of the hole after a tour of inspection.

"Perhaps he has met with an accident," said Dan, but that was no solution of the mystery.

The evening wore on and the night shades gathered over the range, but Rattler did not come. At midnight both of the little prairie dogs cuddled down close to each other to go to sleep. Just as Billy began to snore a wee bit Dan shook him and said: "Remember, Billy, if Rattler is dead that I am to be boss of this hole in the future." "Not if I know it," sleepily replied Billy, and then they both went off into the land of dreams.

Both of the dogs were awake early the next morning and went out to see the sun come up. After the rays had flooded the plain and valley, and the sage hen began to fill the air with the old familiar cry, Billy turned to his friend and said: "Dan, there is no use in worrying. Rattler

will come back if he is alive, and if he is dead, why, then, I'll see you don't starve."

On the banks of the Platte grow a number of spindling red and green willows, and near their roots are wild artichokes and insects. Both of these were favorites with Dan and Billy, and there they went for their morning meal. They dug and dug, but not an artichoke or an insect could they find, try as hard as they might. Finally the two little dogs gave up in disgust and went back to their hole at the top of a wind swept hillock.

"Perhaps Rattler has come home," said one. "Let us go down and see," the other replied, but Rattler was not there. Finding their search in vain they both came out and sat down at the top of the hole in a melancholy frame of mind.

Dan was the first to speak. Suddenly he discovered that there was not another prairie dog in sight, and turning to Billy he said: "Seems awful lonesome out here. I wonder where all the dogs can be?"

"I was just thinking the same myself," replied Billy, and they both hopped down off the hillock and ran to the homes of several of the colony, but they were empty. Then they went the rounds

from hole to hole, but not a prairie dog could they find. Except for themselves the village was deserted.

Frantically each little fellow ran up and down the level stretch and called in shrill, piping voices for their comrades. Only an echo from a far off cliff answered them.

"Something's going to happen," at last said Billy. "Guess something has already happened," replied Dan, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Guess you and I are left alone."

"Don't try to be funny," replied Billy. "We must investigate. There are just two things that could have made all the prairie dogs and Rattler run away. One is a sand storm coming and the other that the water supply has given out. You know we were away all of yesterday, and neither of us can tell what's up."

All the desire to become leader, in case something had happened to Rattler, had left Dan, and he was only too glad to listen to reason and profit by the advice of one older than he.

For fully five minutes both little dogs put their heads between their fore-legs and thought and thought. Finally Billy looked up, and seeing Dan was crying, said: "Brace up, old fellow,

and let us get to work. Now you take the row of holes along the upper ridge and go into each one of them and see if they are dry to the bottom. I'll take the river row."

For a long time both were busy dodging in and out of holes. Sometimes one would be down in the depths of the earth while the other was up on top, but occasionally they would both be at the surface at the same time. When this occurred Dan would cry out: "No water here, Billy," and Billy in turn would say: "Not a drop over here."

At last the village had been thoroughly searched, and no water found.

At the noon hour they went out on the upland and ate a lunch from the buds and leaves of a friendly sage bush. After they had finished one of them suggested that they go over to the river and get a drink. This they started to do, but when they came to the bank the river was as dry as their own little throats.

"What on earth can this mean?" inquired Dan. "It merely means," replied Billy, "that the river has sunk out of sight on this side and perhaps come up on the other side. It has done it before, and why not now?"

"And the colony, together with Rattler, left on that account yesterday when we were away," said Dan. "Looks like it," replied his companion. Then they went up on the top of a sand dune. From there, by shading their eyes, they thought they could see in the distance small figures moving about in the open.

Shortly afterwards two little prairie dogs might have been seen crossing a wide sandy bar, stopping as they passed along to play with a glistening pebble here or a broken bit of shell there. At last they were on the opposite side of the river, and as they popped their heads up over the rise they saw hundreds of their old friends hurrying about digging new homes. Lying in a great coil on the sunny side of a little mound was Rattler—happy and contented.

As Dan and Billy came up Rattler raised his head and said: "That was a good joke on you two, wasn't it?"

"Why did you not tell us?" insisted Billy. "Neither of us would have treated you that way."

"The river began to sink soon after you left the village, and I saw that, while it was not going to come to the surface very soon, if we

came over on the south side we could easily reach water. I knew you would find out the cause of our move and follow. I could have left some of the colony there to tell you, but we all thought it would be a good joke on you to make you hunt us."

Billy and Dan set to work, and in a short time had a new hole dug. When it was finished they and Rattler moved in, and they were living there happily the last time Jim Gullion, the cowboy, visited the North Fork of the Platte.

Jumper and Tot's Wedding Trip

JUMPER WAS A LITTLE BROWN bear who lived on a beautiful island in the Missouri river, opposite the old Mormon town of Florence, one of the early white settlements in Nebraska. It was a cunning little island, and its wave-lapped shores glistened in the sunlight, and the jolly little sunfish played in the water and darted hither and thither among the drooping twigs of the pussy-willows that dipped into the river. Many a pleasant hour had Jumper spent there, fishing in the rushing waters and gathering the luscious wild berries that grew in abundance further back in the woods.

Jumper was not the only brown bear on the island, and for this he was very grateful. There were others, and among them was a little brown bear named Tot, and a beautiful little bear she was. Many joyous days had Jumper and Tot spent roaming through the woods, where Jumper gallantly gathered berries for her, or wandering

on the sandy shore, where Jumper caught sunfish and gave the prettiest and best to his little sweetheart. The days were all happy days, and with Jumper and Tot life was always sunshine, for love was young and fair.

One day, as they sat in the shade and ate the berries that Jumper had gathered, Jumper looked up into Tot's eyes and said:

"Tot, I believe I'll get married."

"I have been thinking about that, too," said Tot.

Then Jumper looked at Tot, and Tot looked at Jumper, and what each thought made them smile with supreme happiness.

And that is the way Jumper and Tot became engaged.

Their wedding was a quiet affair. Bears, you know, are not given to big weddings and flowers and dinners, and all that sort of thing. Besides, Jumper and Tot were not wealthy, and Tot insisted on having everything done in a way to cost little money, for Tot was a wise and economical little bear. But it was a happy wedding, and all the bears were hearty in their congratulations, and gave Jumper and Tot many handsome and useful presents.

Usually newly married folks take a wedding trip, and Jumper and Tot were not exceptions. Jumper had heard of an excursion to the far northwest over the "Overland Route," and with Tot's consent had purchased tickets. It was to be the trip of their lives, because it was into a country strange to them, and over a great railroad whose fame had penetrated even into Bear land.

When the great locomotive came puffing and steaming into the great Union Station at Omaha, dragging its long string of beautiful cars behind it, Tot was sadly frightened, but Jumper reassured her and said there was really no danger —though even Jumper's heart beat a little faster.

They boarded the train and were soon seated comfortably in their section of the handsome "ordinary" car. Jumper, with the liberality that characterizes all happy bridegrooms, wanted to take a Pullman Palace car, but Tot refused, saying the "ordinary" was just as comfortable, and much cheaper, and the money saved would go a long ways toward buying the things they would need when they went to housekeeping. It is easy to see that Jumper had secured a jewel of a wife.

Right in the start Jumper had worry. He was

so excited over his wedding, and the great journey, that he hardly knew what to do. When the conductor came around for the tickets Jumper could not find them. He hurriedly searched every pocket, looked in the lining of his hat, tumbled the things out of Tot's handbag, and mashed a lemon pie in the lunch basket. But all to no purpose. The tickets could not be found.

The jolly and kind-hearted conductor saw that Jumper was excited, and hastened to put him at ease, by saying, "O, you'll find them somewhere, I guess. I'll go on through the train and come back again. Don't worry about them."

"He's an awfully nice man," said Tot, looking after the conductor; and there and then Jumper had his first touch of jealousy.

Jumper resumed his search for the tickets, but he could not find them.

Then he said mournfully, "I know he'll put us off at the next stop."

"Jumper Bear," exclaimed Tot, "didn't you put those tickets in the leg of your left boot?"

"That's where they are!" shouted Jumper so loudly that every passenger in the car turned to look at him, and Tot blushed rosily. "I put 'em there because I was afraid of being robbed, and

I knew nobody would think of looking in my boots."

When the conductor returned Jumper handed him the tickets, with a sheepish smile.

"Found them, did you?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, sir; I just mislaid them for a moment," replied Jumper; and Tot did not deign to inform the conductor that she, not Jumper, had discovered their whereabouts.

After this little excitement Jumper and Tot settled back in their seats and prepared to enjoy the scenery. The green fields, the shimmering Platte river, winding in and out like a silver ribbon, the verdure-clad bluffs rising in the distance —all these things made a wonderful picture for Jumper and Tot, whose lives had been spent on the little island in the Missouri river.

"Isn't it glorious?" whispered Tot.

"Perfectly grand," replied Jumper, and his strong brown paw clasped the little paw of Tot and gave it a loving squeeze.

Jumper thought nobody would see that little clasp, but they did; and as it proved that he and Tot were just married, their troubles began.

At the first stop a passenger slipped out and sent a message to Fremont, telling a big brown

bear there to play policeman and come aboard the train pretending to look for a bear named Jumper. When Fremont was reached a great brown bear, wearing a star as big as a dinner plate, boarded the train and hurried into the car where Jumper and Tot sat. The big bear easily recognized Jumper, and stopping in front of him growled:

"I'm looking for a little brown bear named Jumper. He's wanted for some crime in Omaha." And as he spoke the big bear jingled his handcuffs and looked very ferocious.

Poor Jumper was frightened half out of his wits, and could not say a word. But Tot jumped up and shook her paw in the big bear's face and said she'd protect her husband from such insults.

Jumper knew he had committed no crime, but he was afraid the big bear would take him and thus spoil his wedding journey. So he did not dare tell his name. Finally he asked:

"What do you want him for?"

"For fishing on Florence island on Sunday," growled the big bear.

By this time everybody on the car was laughing, but just then the train started and the big bear had to run out and jump off.

"It's a good thing for you your name is not Jumper," he growled as he hastened down the aisle.

"Gracious me," whispered Jumper to Tot. "Who'd a thought anybody was watching us that Sunday I caught the sunfish for you?"

At Schuyler Jumper left the train to get a newspaper for himself and some fruit for Tot, and while he was standing on the depot platform the train started.

"Hi, there!" shouted the station agent. "Jump on or you'll get left!"

Jumper made a leap for the first car step and managed to scramble on, but, alas! it was a vestibule and the door was closed. There Jumper clung, unable to get in, and not daring to let go, and the train gathering speed every moment. It was a perilous position, and Jumper held on for dear life. Fortunately for him there was no dust, else he might have been choked; and after the train had gathered full speed he was not bothered by smoke or cinders, for the train went so fast they trailed over the tops of the cars and left him free. But it was a sad, tired and much bedraggled Jumper that dropped to the depot platform at Columbus and hastened into the car

where Tot sat. He found her in tears and almost hysterical, for she thought her Jumper was lost forever. She could hardly believe her eyes when Jumper appeared before her, and he had to speak twice and kiss her gently before she realized that it was indeed her husband.

When Jumper told her of his dangerous ride she almost fainted, and clung to him as if she never would let him get out of her sight again. The other passengers congratulated Jumper on his narrow escape, and told Tot that she should be proud of a husband that had the courage to hang on, rather than leave his wife to travel alone. And Tot was proud, too. You could tell that by the light in her big eyes.

Before the train left Columbus, Edgar Howard came aboard and, recognizing Jumper, insisted on having an interview. Jumper told all about his thrilling ride, and Mr. Howard said he would write a story about it. Perhaps he did, but Jumper never saw it, because—but that's getting ahead of the story. But Jumper did not tell about the joke his fellow passengers had played on him at Fremont. If Mr. Howard reads this he will see what a funny story about Jumper he missed that day.

It was a beautiful ride across the green-clad prairies of Nebraska to North Platte, where they arrived just after the sun had dipped below the horizon and left the world in semi-darkness. Jumper had promised to get Tot some of the lovely cactus blossoms like they had seen during the day, and when the train stopped to change engines he hastened to alight. By striking a match he was able to locate quite a bunch of the blossoms, and he hastily began digging up a few with his knife. Suddenly he gave a loud cry, dropped most of the blossoms and scrambled back into the car.

"What's the matter, dear?" anxiously inquired Tot.

"Tottie," he moaned, "I'm as good as dead. Good-bye."

"O, tell me what is the matter, Jumper!" shrieked Tot. "What is the matter?"

"I have been bitten by a rattlesnake," moaned Jumper.

Tot shrieked for help, and the brakeman, conductor, trainboy, porter and most of the passengers hurried to where she sat.

"My husband has been bitten by a deadly rattlesnake," moaned Tot.

"Hyar, dar," said the porter; "let me see dat snake bite."

Jumper held out his paw, but when the porter saw it a grim smile stole across his black face, and he said:

"Yah, yah! Dat's no snake bite; dat ain't. Nothin' ter worry erbout."

"What is it, then?" asked Jumper, looking relieved.

"Nuffin' only jus' got a lot o' dem nasty cactus stickers in yer paw," said the porter.

Jumper looked foolish, but Tot was radiant with delight, and she gave the porter half a dollar.

For an hour or two Jumper was busy picking the stickers out of his paw, and for several days it was quite sore.

Nothing else of importance happened until the train reached Ogalalla, and there Tot declared she must have some lemonade. Jumper hurried into a lunch room, but the proprietor said he had nothing to drink save some red pop. So Jumper bought six bottles and hastened back into the car. He was not accustomed to patent stoppers, and when he tried to open a bottle the stopper suddenly gave way and he was drenched from

head to paws with the stuff. He spluttered and choked and gasped, and when he saw Tot laughing at him he almost became angry. But he soon saw how funny it was and joined in the laugh that went round the car.

"You careless bear," said Tot; "if you can't do better than that I'll get right off the train and walk back to Omaha."

Jumper knew she was only fooling, so he smiled, and managed to open the next bottle without accident. The porter packed the remaining bottles in ice and they were greatly enjoyed later in the day.

The smooth green plains began to give way to hills, and the hills in turn gave way to the rugged mountains, whose snow-capped peaks pierced the skies, and Jumper and Tot watched the ever-changing colors and wonders with delighted eyes. Away in the distance the backbone of the great Rocky mountains appeared, and the grandeur impressed Jumper and Tot so much that they could say nothing. All they could do was to gasp and feast their eyes upon the beautiful sight.

Then they arrived at Sherman, two miles south of which, on a high promontory, stands the rugged Ames monument, overlooking Dale creek, a

picturesque little stream that winds hither and thither at the foot of rugged peaks, and through canyons that seemingly have no bottom. When the train shot into the Sherman tunnel Tot shrieked and make a grab for Jumper. She held on for dear life, not knowing what was coming next, but when the train emerged from the tunnel, and the sunlight filled the car, she found that instead of holding onto Jumper she was holding onto the colored porter, who was grinning and showing his white teeth.

"Oh!" gasped Tot, loosing her hold and sinking back into her seat.

And Jumper laughed and laughed and laughed.

The ride across the mountains was full of wonders. They never tired of the scenery, and the giant mountains were a never-ending source of delight. At Green River, Jumper and Tot alighted from the train and went into the eating station. Jumper had been in Omaha two or three times and eaten at lunch counters, but they were new to Tot, and she did not know what to order. Finally she told the waiter to bring her a wafer and a cup of tea.

"That's not enough, dear," said Jumper.

Tot thought it was, however, and would not

order anything else. But their fellow passengers noted that Tot ate most of the substantial lunch that Jumper ordered.

At Granger Tot said again that she was hungry, and this time she knew what to order. She ordered fish, and ate enough to satisfy the cravings of her appetite. Jumper, too, had a fish dinner, and as they returned to the train he smacked his lips with satisfaction.

When the train passed Leroy, Tot heard some one say that Aspen tunnel was about twelve miles up the line. Just then the porter entered the car, and Tot turned to Jumper, saying:

"I won't stay in the car if that porter does not leave."

Jumper, remembering the Sherman tunnel, laughed, but Tot insisted.

"See hyar, Missus Bear," said the porter. "I'se jus' gotter stay in dis car. I'se gotter light de lamps an' see dat dey bu'n. Sorry, Missus Bear, but if eider one o' us gotter leave, it sure done been you, 'cause I'se jus' gotter stay."

"Jumper, do you hear what that colored person said to me?" exclaimed Tot.

"Yes, dear," said Jumper; "but the porter is right. Just sit still, and you will be safe."

"All right," said Tot. "But if that colored person comes close to me while we are in the tunnel, I'll make him sorry he's alive."

Everybody in the car joined in the laugh that followed, and Tot blushed more than ever.

"Low bridge!" shouted some one, and the train darted into the tunnel. The gigantic walls of the structure were all that could be seen as the train rumbled along with lightning speed, sending echoes far and near. At last it emerged into daylight, and not till then did Tot notice that there had been no darkness in the car—that is, nothing dark save the colored porter, and he looked at Tot and grinned a wide and expansive grin.

At Ogden, Jumper told Tot that he would like to live there, in the shadow of the Wasatch range, and play among the pretty cliffs of Weber and Echo canyons, but she demurred. She had read about the Mormons, and said that if Jumper insisted on getting off she would return to Florence. Jumper tried to explain, but Tot would not listen to him. He persisted, but finally Tot grew very angry and refused to speak to him until long after the train had left Ogden and was well on the way to Pocatello.

At Pocatello Jumper wanted to make a side trip to the Yellowstone National Park. He told Tot what a delightful place it was, and reminded her that the National Association of Brown Bears was in session there. Tot wanted very much to go, for she had heard a great deal about the wonderful park, but as she had neglected to bring along her decollette ball gown, she refused.

So they remained on board, and for miles and miles traveled through a beautiful country—on past the great Shoshone Falls, where the wild red men used to worship their Manitou, with the glistening spray falling about them, pretty as so many liquid diamonds. They skirted precipitous gorges, skimmed over seemingly bottomless canyons, climbed great mountains, and sped along the banks of murmuring mountain streams, that tumbled in foam and spray over the giant rocks and hurried away to the ocean.

At last they came to the Columbia river, and when Jumper saw a lot of men, in queer-shaped boats, moving about on its broad surface, he hunted up the conductor and asked:

"What are those men doing there?"

"Catching fish."

"Hurrah! Here's where I get off!" shouted Jumper.

He began gathering up the baggage, but Tot laid a paw on his shoulder and said:

"You can get off if you want to, but I'm going on to Portland."

That settled it. Jumper returned the handbag to the rack and set the basket under the seat. He growled a little, but Tot was firm, and soon he had forgotten the fishermen while watching the scenery of the Columbia river.

Jumper and Tot spent several days in Portland and along the coast, and enjoyed every minute of the time. Who does not? There is always something new and strange and wonderful to meet the eye in that great country.

But honeymoons have an end—that is, most of them do. At last the time came when Jumper and Tot must start back for Omaha, for Jumper's money was giving out. Indeed, Jumper was wondering if he wouldn't have to wire his father for more money.

"I wish we could stay here forever," said Jumper, as they wended their way to the depot.

"So do I," said Tot.

"What's that? Want to remain in this country?"

Jumper and Tot turned hurriedly to see who it was, and saw a man walking behind them.

"Pardon me," said the man. "I heard you say you would like to remain here. We can fix it easily enough."

"How?" asked Jumper and Tot in a breath.

"Well, I'm the manager of a big menagerie, and we are very anxious to secure the services of two handsome brown bears like you. We will pay you good salaries, treat you nicely, and as we travel all over this country, you can enjoy yourselves to your hearts' content."

Jumper looked at Tot, and Tot looked at Jumper.

"I'll leave it to you," said Jumper.

"I'll do just as you say," said Tot.

It was enough. An hour later they were in the employ of the menagerie man.

That's how the little brown bears from Florence Island came to be living on the Pacific coast.

Also, this explains why Jumper never knew whether Edgar Howard wrote the story of his car-step ride between Schuyler and Columbus.

JUL 28 1902

JUL 28 1902

1 COPY DEL TO CAT DIV.
JUL. 28 1902

JUL. 31 1902

P2 7

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00025756125